National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XX. NO. 12. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859. WHOLE NO. 1,000.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY. ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
107 North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

REOPENING THE SLAVE TRADE.

HIGHLY INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

MONTGOMERY, June 13, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS: I inclose for publication the within correspondence as conflicting views and misapprehensions have been expressed in regard to the objects of the formation of the African Labor Supply Association.

I was not present when this Association was formed, and was not consulted either in reference to its aims or to my selection as one of the alternate orators. While I am grateful for this evidence of esteem and confidence, it is but due to the Association and to myself to say that I am not prepared at present to go further than is justified by the minority report and resolution upon the subject of the African slave trade, made by me to the Southern Convention when in session at this place in May, 1858, and which was in substance adopted by the same body recently in session at Vicksburg, by a large majority.

Further reflection has but confirmed me in the opinion then expressed, that the Federal laws prohibiting the African slave trade, and punishing it as piracy, are unconstitutional, and are at war with the fundamental policy of the South, and, therefore, ought to be repealed.

I am further satisfied that the agitation of this question is beneficial. It has already served to develop (not to create) much unsoundness in our midst upon the question of slavery; and one of the advantages of discussion will be to correct these erroneous views, and to warn our people of those among us who are radically unsound upon the principles which underlie that institution. It is wisdom to ascertain wherein we are weak, that we may fortify our position upon that point, and use extra vigilance.

Until within the last twenty-five or thirty years, there had prevailed an unbroken calm in the South upon the moral aspect of the slavery question. Taking its rise in the wild and reckless radicalism of the Red Republican French School, the opinion had rooted itself in Virginia, and thence had spread over the whole South—and was taught in its religion—that slavery was morally wrong, was founded in kidnapping and conducted in cruelty; and it was defended soley upon the ground that it was impracticable to get rid of it. It was in the midst of this unhealthy state of the public mind that the Federal laws, declaring the African slave trade to be piracy, were enacted.

The aggressions of abolitionism, however, begat an antagonism of opinion at the South, and under Mr. Calhoun's lead, and under the influence of his great mind, a sounder and wiser and safer opinion took root, and has spread until it has become the prevailing belief that African slavery is both morally and politically right—not only because it is in our midst without our being responsible for its origin here, but also because it has always existed and been protected by both human and divine law.

If Mr. Calhoun had paid any attention to the absurd protest which is very occasionally made against disturbing the quiet of the South on this question, we never should have made the great progress we have attained in placing the institution on the high and defensible ground it now occupies.

For one, I am unwilling to see continued on the statute book these semi-abolition laws, but desire to see the subject of slavery taken from the grasp of the General Government, and that government only be allowed to act upon it to protect it.

Whether the African slave trade shall be carried on should not depend on that government, but upon the will of each slaveholding State. To that tribunal alone should the question be submitted; and by the decision of that tribunal alone should the Southern people abide.

Yours respectfully, W. L. YANCEY.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., May 23, 1859.

J. D. B. DEBOW, Esq., New Orleans—*Dear Sir:* I see by the newspapers that an African Labor-Supply Association was formed at Vicksburg, just after the adjournment of the late Southern Convention. In the published proceedings I also notice that Mr. Spratt was selected to deliver an address at the next meeting of the Association, and I was chosen as one of two alternatives.

The Constitution of the Association, as it appears in the public prints, is indefinite as to the designs of the Association, or I should rather say as to the manner in which it will promote the supply of African labor.

I therefore address you as the President of the Association, and request of you a full explanation of the aim of the Association, and of the means by which it is to be obtained. Particularly, I desire to be informed whether the Association, in the event that the laws of the United States against the importation of Africans, as slaves, cannot be repealed or declared unconstitutional, designs to encourage the slave trade between this country and Africa, Cuba and Brazil, in violation of those laws.

(Signed) Yours respectfully, W. L. YANCEY.

ARTESIAN SPRINGS, MISS., June 3, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 23d of May, directed to New Orleans, has been forwarded to me at this point.

I cannot think for a moment that anything in my own character, or that of the gentlemen who were most active in forming the "African Labor-Supply Association," to which you advert, would warrant the inference that under its cover is countenanced a design of violating, in any event or under any circumstances, in the letter or the spirit, the Constitution and laws of the country. These gentlemen, whose names are before the public, are among the most intelligent and reputable citizens of Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana; and although I was not consulted by them in any of the steps which preceded the formation of the Association, I am not less grateful for the decided mark of confidence and consideration they evinced in selecting me as the permanent presiding officer.

It would be more complimentary certainly to my pride to regard your letter as that simply of a friend, perhaps I may add, from his antecedents, a sympathizer, having in view only a reply, which his convictions taught would set aright before the public, and upon grounds which must meet its approval, a movement about which it seems there has been misrepresentation and misapprehension.

To one who has observed the signs of the times, the evidence is irresistible that the question of labor supply is at this moment attracting, in every part of the South and of the South-West, a degree of attention which has never been accorded to it before, stimulated as that question is by the almost boundless, and now but partially occupied, domain in our possession or within our reach, adapted to rich and productive cultivation; by the increasing demand and enhanced prices obtained for every description of product peculiar to that domain, and by unprecedented rise in the value of the only species of labor which it is capable of employing, thus diverting it from every other channel of industry into a single absorbing one.

In the contingency which thus presents itself, but two alternatives exist from which a choice can be made by the people of the South: the one being to await with folded arms that coming of population and of labor which will be the result of natural increase, in which we shall have the disadvantage that other and competing countries are not dependent *solely* upon such increase; and the other, to adopt the line of policy pursued in those countries, i. e., to open the doors and invite and promote the coming of laborers from every quarter.

The latter expedient has been taxed, it would appear, to its utmost extent during a period of about half a century, and the practical fruits are that whatever of labor or of population the republican flag has invited has expended and exhausted itself *exclusively* in developing, extending, and building up the colossal power of other sections and elevating them to that control which they have at last reached in our national affairs.

It is plain, and time and events have demonstrated the fact, that *it is not European labor which we want*, since that labor, during so long an experiment, has *not* taken foot-hold in our limits, evidencing thus an incapacity to adapt itself to our condition and to become amalgamated with us, but time and events have made it equally clear that if such labor is indeed desirable, *it is altogether without our reach.*

It should not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that, in casting about for relief, intelligent minds in every part of the South find themselves insensibly attracted back to that fatherland of our present labor system, which has been prolific of so many benefits to us and to our civilization, which in turn, through its offshoots, has shared the benefits of that civilization and Christianization, and played a part thereby in modern industrial history so important as to leave it an open question if the commerce, the industry, the wealth and the progress of the world do not owe as much to Africa as to Europe itself.

From the teeming millions, the barbarian hosts, crushed, oppressed, benighted, of that fatherland, cannot a few more subjects be spared to civilization?

There may be, and I am not at present arguing that point, a very great difference in *principle* between the transfer of African labor, without consulting the laborer, from one section to another of the South, and the act of transferring the same labor, in the same manner, from other sections where it is to be had, as, for example, from Cuba, from Brazil, or from the Guinea Coast, whose chiefs, it is understood, assert and exercise rights of mastery as well defined and established as our own! I am willing to hear that point argued, and also another very important one, which is to this effect—that African slavery, though very right and very proper and much to be justified, where it now exists at the South, is a thing, after all, to be separated, very carefully, from *the act of* [illegible] *it* [illegible] which [illegible] was immoral irreligious, wicked, inexpedient, and will be so again [illegible] *Providence, which was at one time so discernible in it, having been as discernible in withdrawing it!*

Or it may be that, while the *principle* remains the same, the question of *expediency* has come in and determined the opinions and legislation of the country, but upon this point too would I hear further argument.

I may maintain or deny that the Federal slave trade acts are constitutional, or, if they are, that they apply, or can be made to apply, to the introduction of Africans in the condition of *apprentices;* may declare for the retention of these acts, Federal and State, or for their repeal, without subjecting myself, in either case, to the charge of being deficient in patriotism, or in any of those attributes which are generally held to be compatible with good citizenship.

Favoring even the repeal of the *Federal* acts as a brand upon the institutions of the South, I may, nevertheless, reserve the right of advocating the retention, in whole or part, of those of the *States*, should further examination indicate *that* as the safer policy; or may be willing to advocate the repeal in such States only as seem to be the most crippled—Texas, Louisiana, etc.—and the new States which are in *embryo*, regulating the repeal even then so stringently, so discreetly, as to remove every ground of apprehension, either of excessive supply or of harshness and cruelty to be practiced, over and above that which is unavoidably incident to immigration of every kind.

Let the election be what it may, the subject is indeed fully and fairly before the public, and is quite as legitimate and proper for discussion and argument, in every point of view, as any of those trite and hackneyed ones, of banks, tariffs, internal improvements and revenues, that have made the fortunes of politicians, and divided and distracted our people, in every period of their history.

To aid this discussion by the preparation and publication of reports and addresses, by the bringing into collision of mind with mind, in town, county and State meetings and associations, by collecting and disseminating appropriate data, may be stated in brief to be the purpose of the African Labor Supply Association, its members being impressed with the general merits of the cause in which they are enlisted, but at the same time open to argument, and opposing conviction. They adopt no machinery which is unusual, and cherish no aims that are not proclaimed out of doors, assimilating themselves rather to those leagues and associations which, in Europe and America, under the banner of the "Corn Laws," "Free Trade," "Parliamentary Reform," &c., have been as familiar as household words, and have never been thought at all inconsistent with the duties of good citizenship.

Nor ought it to be regarded as an impracticable issue, though it may almost verge upon that point, to obtain a repeal of the national legislation upon the subject of the slave trade. Revolutions seemingly as impossible have been accomplished time and again in history. The stop which was given to this trade was one of those revolutions, when every Christian and civilized power had previously sanctioned and supported it. The attitude which slavery itself has assumed, contrasted with that it held in the days of Mr. Jefferson and Wilberforce, is another of those revolutions. It would not do to fix opinion by Procrustean laws, and, should the South be brought to unite against the energy of her convictions, may tell very potently and very fair.

I say should the South unite—for who can be sure that, when our smaller proprietors and non-slaveholders, among the best and most reliable citizens we have, come to examine carefully, they will not imagine that there is a tendency at present to consolidate in fewer and fewer hands, the entire control of labor with us, and that such a tendency is capable of being counteracted, and their own state and condition greatly improved, by the opening of a new source of supply, which, from its comparative cheapness, would prove to be within their reach, and adapted to the inferior land, which are in their possession, or are readily accessible to them.

The larger proprietors, the sterling men of wealth and character, after a careful survey of the whole field, may see that, let even the worst happen and their slaves and products depreciate in the market, their condition will at least have inappreciable advantages of another kind in this, that the basis of slavery will be enlarged and be brought to embrace, in a direct and tangible interest, *every member of the community*, and its area at the same time be widened by the introduction of new States interested in its maintenance, and by the retention of those States now upon the border and believed to be somewhat in jeopardy. They may see that with the increase of labor will come the population and the capital necessary to direct and control it; and thus a general condition of prosperity through all the ramifications of the community, which must react upon themselves. Or, occupying another stand-point, from which a large sphere can be embraced, reflections like these may present themselves: The price of slaves in the past has not decreased in the ratio of increased supply, but the very reverse has been the case; and the same in regard to slave products: there are natural and necessary limitations upon the proposed means of supply, which must tend to distribute the increase very equally and regularly over a long period, and in all probability cause it to be felt more in *retaining* slave property at its present figures than in producing any actual *decline* from them; while the demand for slave products is an increasing quantity, represented by the growing civilization of the unnumbered millions of Europe and of Asia, the capacity of supply is a constant and almost fixed quantity, represented by the increase of a few millions of Africans upon our shores and is thus at a disadvantage in the race, and may in the end lead to such an enhancement of prices as will let in the free labor of other nations, or stimulate their introduction of slaves, and thus, in effect, break down the monopoly which is now in our hands.

The North—and I come to her last, finding that she has gone to the end of her tether in aggressions upon the institutions of the South, and that any attempt to interfere with slavery further would be met with open and violent disruption of the federal system, and that the Union, if it subsists at all, must be one with slaveholders—may, in a practical point of view (and our "Northern brethren" are a very practical and far-seeing people), regard it of little importance whether those slaveholders and their slaves be many or few, so that the balance of power, which is now established, and is not likely again to be disturbed in their hands, is retained, and with it the capacity of enjoying the fruits and exacting tribute out of the enlarged and enlarging prosperity that would in all probability result.

On the other hand—and I keep this steadily in view—none of these suppositions may in the event prove to be sustained; but the views of the very intelligent and, none can doubt, patriotic gentlemen, in all of the States, who array themselves so earnestly in the opposition, may prevail. I listen to these gentlemen with a great deal of respect and interest, and am happy to see them brought out, and give, to the extent of my opportunities as a journalist, the utmost publicity to their arguments. They may be right, though you and I do not think so, with the lights at present before us, that a future increase of slave territory is impossible, and that, therefore, an accelerated increase of slaves would Africanize the slave States, destroy the value of productions, introduce disease and insubordination, expel population, &c. It is at least an honest opinion, and entitled to weight.

Fair and legitimate discussion is what is wanted, and that only. It can do no harm in any country, and under any state of things, and in regard to any matter. It is an idle assumption that the discussion will divide and distract the South. The division, at most, will prove to be of no more importance than such as already exists in regard to cardinal matters of State and Federal policy, and which at any moment is ready to be sacrificed when the common interest is menaced. We may trust our fellow-citizens thus far, and they will suspect us in return neither of distrust nor of treason.

With high regard, I am your obedient servant,

J. D. B. DEBOW.

To the Hon. Wm. L. Yancey, Montgomery, Ala.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GOV. WISE.

[Extract of a letter from HENRY A. WISE, Governor of Virginia, to certain Democratic politicians of New York.]

You ask my "views regarding the legality and expediency of reöpening the African slave trade."

This subject is but too fruitful of disquisition and discussion, upon which I cannot enter here. In short, my views are—

By article 1, section 9, clause 1, of the Constitution of the United States, "The migration or importation" of certain "persons," known to be African slaves, may "be prohibited by the Congress" subsequent "to the year 1808."

I cite what I conceive to be the plain implication of the clause, according to the interpretation of Congress and the courts.

Congress passed laws to prohibit the African slave trade by our citizens, and under our flag, in our vessels. The authorities of the United States, in every department of the government, for nearly half a century, have sustained and enforced these laws. For more than three years, as envoy of the United States at the Court of Brazil, I was zealously engaged in snatching the flag of our country from the pollution of that trade, carried on chiefly by New England vessels and crews and Old [illegible] goods [illegible] for the [illegible]; and my voluminous correspondence with the Department of State, from August, 1844, to August, 1847, will show what effect I gave the laws of the United States for the suppression of the African slave trade, as valid and constitutional laws. You will there see my reasons for saying not only that it would be "illegal" and "inexpedient," but immoral and disgraceful, for the United States to reöpen the slave trade, or to tolerate the new importation of African slaves into this country. I can easily defend the slavery of the United States, as it now exists and has existed, from first to last, and show that it is now, at least, well founded on principles wholly opposed to the reöpening of the African slave trade; that the one is wholly irreconcilable with and opposed to the other; and the reöpening of the slave trade would be as offensive to the moral sense of the large majority of slaveholders and of the people of the South as to any other people in our own or in any other country. So much for that question.

You ask my "views, also, regarding the legitimate bounds of Congressional legislation in regard to the Territories, which, while maintaining non-intervention on the question of forcing or excluding slavery from them, yet should claim the constitutional power, if necessary, to protect the rights of persons and property within their borders, leaving the people free at the proper time to form a State Constitution, and seek admission into the Union, whether free or slave States, as they may elect?"

This question itself, in the shortest space, states my views in substance with precision. In full, they are contained in a pamphlet entitled "Territorial Government, and the Admission of New States," &c., being a letter addressed by me to William F. Samford, Esq., of Alabama, dated Richmond, Va., April 4, 1859, a copy of which I send you. Its length, it being a treatise in fact, enables those opposed to its doctrines to misrepresent it to those who do not read it for themselves. They say it claims "a code" by Congress for slavery in the Territories. There is no such claim set up by me. All I ask of those who doubt is to read the pamphlet and to find any such claim in it if they can. On the contrary, at page 144, I say: "That the inhabitants or people of a Territory are sovereign to form for themselves a Constitution and State government"; and "that in their territorial condition they are within the entire control and jurisdiction, or under the entire rule and regulation of Congress, subject to the Constitution of the United States; and that the citizens of each and all of the States are alike equally entitled to protection in all the privileges and immunities of persons and of property, common to equal confederates." And this right and this duty of protection is not to be evaded or avoided either by the false *ad captandum* clamor that "a code" is required to be enacted by Congress for the protection of slave property. This is but to cast odium upon slavery, by creating the impression that a discrimination is necessary to distinguish it above what is due to other personal and proprietary rights. On the contrary, no such code is required to create either the right or the duty of protection, and no law is necessary to distinguish slave property from any other property. All persons and all property, equally and alike, require only not to be assailed and destroyed in or excluded from the common Territories. All species of rights require laws, it is true, suited to their character and their case. Personal property, for example, must have a law that it shall not be "taken and carried away"; and land, which cannot be "taken and carried away," must have a law that it shall not be trespassed upon in some other way; and so with slaves and everything else, they must have provisions according to their kind. But the Constitution of the United States, and the laws of Congress heretofore organizing Territories, are sufficient; and if amendments of the laws are required, it is the duty of Congress to see that they are provided, of the Executive of the United States to see that they are executed, and of the Judiciary to decide upon the rights under the laws. The slave States should never pretend to any peculiar privileges, and do not, so far as I know. They ask only that their rights shall not be assailed and invaded, and, if they be assailed, that they may be protected as other personal and proprietary rights are protected; but they may have equal, confederate, federal privileges and immunities; and they ask for no special or peculiar code. The sole question is: What protection does the Constitution guarantee in the Territories? We contend that it guarantees all protection required, to all persons and all rights recognized within its jurisdiction.

To illustrate: I agree with the true intent and meaning of the Nebraska-Kansas act, as declared by itself—"Not to legislate slavery into the Territory, nor to exclude it therefrom." So I would say of wheat, corn, horses, oxen, sheep, or any other property. I would leave all these to individual will and option. I would not compel a man to sow wheat, nor forbid him to sow it; it would be despotic to attempt such an act by legislation; but because I would not compel or prevent its production, would I, therefore, say, after a crop is made, that I would not protect the husbandman in his labor and property? So with slavery: whilst I would not intervene to legislate it into or out of any Territory, yet if it goes there with its owner, or exists there as property, would I allow a mob or unjust and unequal legislation to destroy the property? Leave it to the judiciary, say some. Still a municipal act of legislation is required to say what shall be the legal remedy and form of proceeding and to give the courts jurisdiction. Many provisions of the Constitution cannot operate without a statute—the clauses, for example, as to fugitives from justice and from labor cannot operate without a remedial law. In a word, not only do all persons and all property, without exception and distinction, require laws for protection, but the courts themselves require the authority of legislation. The State of Virginia has now in her new Constitution a provision which declares:

"Slaves hereafter emancipated shall forfeit their freedom by remaining in the Commonwealth more than twelve months after they become actually free, and shall be reduced to slavery under such regulations as shall be prescribed by law."

This has been the Constitution of this State since 1851, nearly eight years, and yet it has had no operation, and can have none, for want of a statute to define the proceedings.

And, on the other hand, where the Courts have jurisdiction, and have had but to declare an unconstitutional law inoperative and void, they don't act until a case is brought before them, at the expense and trouble and risk of private persons, often unable to bear litigation, and then they are slow to act. The Missouri Restriction, for example, repealed by the Congress of 1854, was not decided by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional until 1857, thirty-seven years after it passed, and the legislative department itself repaired its own wrong three years before the judiciary did.

But this is demanding a "slave code," say the opponents of protection. We say, it is only what the Constitution and existence of government imply—the primary end of all practical government, the power and duty of protection to all persons and property. The Know-Nothings may say, as they have said, against protecting naturalized citizens—"this is a code for the foreigners." And those who would reöpen the African slave trade may alike exclaim against the laws for its suppression—"this is a code to abolish slavery." This cry of "a code" ought not to deter any one from claiming the powers and duty of protection from the government to which allegiance is due. Its first, highest and best duty is to protect. And thus far it has protected all persons and property in the Territories. Whoever drew the Kansas-Nebraska bill put into it special and discriminating provisions by Congress in favor of slavery. Less amount of slave property than of any other property can, for example, take a case up to the Supreme Court of the United States, by its provisions; and, whilst the canvass was going on in Illinois, an army of the United States, under a law for which the non-interventionists voted in the Senate and House of Representatives, was marching to Utah to protect, it was thought, all persons and property in that Territory, and to put down the Satyr of Lust there, which would establish polygamy and prostitution of woman, and destroy the sacredness of Christian marriage, so necessary to identify offspring in a republic founded on private virtue and the holy family relations and ties. By what code was all this done? By the code of good morals I would drive these beasts of Bacchus from a Christian land! It seems now the whole expense of the Mormon war was to protect federal proteges in their offices. Well, if they may be protected in the Territories, so may I and my property, and so may our naturalized citizens, peacefully and lawfully abroad, be protected in foreign countries, even the countries of their nativity. When the issue of popular sovereignty was made, to leave the people perfectly free to form their State Constitutions, without force, fraud or dictation or intervention from Congress or any other power, I declared openly for the sovereignty of the people. But I am utterly opposed to "squatter sovereignty," and hostile to this cry of "no code" for the sake of protection, and utterly opposed to the equally vicious doctrine lately put forth, "that the Congress may renounce its powers and duties of protection." If Congress may fail, by ignoring its powers, to protect slave property, so the Executive may fail, by ignoring its powers, as it has done, to protect our naturalized citizens in France, or Hanover, or elsewhere; and if these two may ignore, so may the other coördinate department, the judiciary. And if all say "we will not intervene," what then? Why, anarchy—might will make right, and the whole will end in despotism. This republic can't live long under the effect of such doctrines if they be adopted.

[illegible] live and let live" together [illegible] loved in the bonds only of our all-protecting Union. Let it be perpetuated forever; let its flag of freedom float protection over all its citizens, everywhere, and over all their property and rights, at home and abroad. It may have at times to be surrendered on the battle-field; it may be torn by the steel of the foeman's bayonet; it may be burnt or blackened by the flash of powder in the "sulphurous siroc of red war"; but never, never, never let it be polluted by the stains of inhumanity or immorality, or dishonored by the cowardice which renounces protection and ignores the equal rights of American citizens. For these principles, if need be, I would vote to hew down forests of live oak to build ships, dig mountains of iron ore to cast guns, turn all our cotton into canvass and burst it out of its bolt ropes, in battles with all Europe. Boldly avow and maintain these principles, and there will be no need of battles, but we will have everywhere protection and peace.

With the highest respect, yours truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

Selections.

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY IN MAN.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

[Principal part of a Sermon, delivered July 3, 1859.]

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY IN MAN.—Putting the gross iniquity of this claim out of sight, to say nothing of its rank barbarism, what can be more palpable than its absurdity? Can there be any such thing as a right of property to anything whatsoever, save upon the ground of every man's inalienable right to himself? Here is the beginning and the basis of all rights of property. If a man do not belong to himself, if his hands and his feet, and the various organs and faculties of his being, are not his, if his property in these things may be sequestered, when he has done nothing to forfeit them except being born of a certain complexion, and that was no act of his, then there is nothing else, neither houses, nor lands, nor implements of toil, nor beasts of burden, to which he can assert the shadow of a right. For if there is no such thing as a natural and inalienable right to one's own limbs, there can be no claim to anything which the exertion of those limbs produces. How, then, can one man hold property in another when he does not own himself? Thus the assertion of such a claim involves a flat denial of it; and it only shows into what depths of absurdity men plunge when they give up Right and make Power law.

Deny the right of every man to himself, and there are no such things as natural rights, which governments and legislatures are under the slightest obligation to respect. The hard-won earnings of the day-laborer may be taken from him at the close of every day to the very last cent, or the accumulated wealth of the rich may be appropriated summarily by any one who is strong enough to take it, and no wrong is done, no right infringed, in either case.

To assert, therefore, the right of man to hold property in another man—in other words, that one man's right to himself may be appropriated by another, so that the latter may lay claim to him just as he lays claim to a horse or an ox—the assertion of such a right of property is destructive of all rights of property. It annihilates the very idea of property. It is the very central principle and soul of disorganization and anarchy. It exterminates human society. For it enthrones Brute Strength as absolute lord of the world. Recognizing no basis of things but arbitrary power, it degrades men to beasts of prey.

That I do not exaggerate, that I am uttering no ultra doctrine, no fanatical delusion, but only what is so plainly true that it is a shame that it should need to be stated, when I say that the claim to hold property in man destroys the very idea of right, and leaves no foundation for the holding of any property whatsoever, human or other, is evident from the fact that it is expressly asserted that slaves possess nothing, and slaveholders act upon the assertion; and this monstrous doctrine of savage power is actually carried out in what are styled, in bitter mockery, courts of justice. There have been cases, as you know, in which slaveholders, having made an agreement with their slaves that they should purchase themselves for a certain sum, and having received nearly the whole amount of the hardly-earned purchase-money, have sold the slaves and kept the money as their own, claiming it as the proceeds of their property. And there was no redress for this monstrous wrong, as a slave cannot own anything nor make a contract. We are shocked at the indescribable baseness of such proceedings. But they are the necessary consequences of the essential principle of American Slavery, the right of property in man. They illustrate that; and they show that in fact as well as in principle the claim to hold man as property, involving as it does the denial of the indefeasible right of every man to himself, is subversive of all rights of property, of all rights whatsoever, of the very idea of justice. And let it be admitted, and the word justice, with whatever words there are that partake in the remotest degree of its meaning, may as well be erased from human language at once.

How it conflicts with other rights as well as the rights of property, with the right of Free Speech, for example, you all know; for the conflict between the two has been going on for years directly before our eyes; we are in the midst of it, and it is yet far from being ended. In the Southern States, this sacred right of Free Speech, once gloried in as an essential distinction of our form of society, is prostrate in the dust, and can be used only at the instant peril of life. And throughout the North, the exercise of it incurs the loss of popular favor and personal success. It is denounced as treason, or sneered at as fanaticism. Mobs have been gathered again and again to silence free discussion with fire and blood. Men high in office, of the best culture the country affords, well versed in history, familiar with the principles and philosophy of things, have proposed, in order to protect the right of property in man against free thought, the enactment of laws abridging the right of Free Speech. In one instance, the attempt to establish a free press in a Free State cost the individual who made the attempt his life. The Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, the brother of the present noble member of Congress from Illinois, for the sake of protecting human property, was shot down as an outlaw.

But not only does the claim of property in man wage a war of extermination against the freedom of the Press and the Pulpit, it cannot be forgotten how the right of Petition, the right of the most abject slave that breathes to kneel to the proudest despot on earth and supplicate for mercy and justice, was sought to be struck down in the halls of Congress, because it threatened the security of property in slaves. Do you not remember, and remember with pride and joy, how nobly the attempt was met and resisted by one who had been clothed with the highest official dignity which this people can bestow, and yet all whose official honors faded away in the effulgence of the glory that irradiated him in that great battle?

But there are nearer and dearer rights even than the rights of Petition and Free Speech, if any rights can be dearer than these—there are rights most holy, if there is anything holy on earth or in heaven, which the claim of property in human flesh tends utterly to destroy, and which this monstrous claim has already put in such jeopardy that they can be exercised only under penalty of fine and imprisonment. The right to give food and shelter to a fellow-being fleeing for what is dearer than life, personal liberty, this right, the exercise of which Religion and Humanity enjoin as a most sacred and imperative duty, which no man can neglect without violating the law of God, and doing deadly harm to his own soul—this right the claim to hold man as property not only denies, it has actually and deliberately, with all the forms of human law, in defiance of Almighty God and the universal conscience of mankind, converted into a penal offence; so that, at this very time, in one of the so-called free States of this Union, numbers have been prosecuted and imprisoned for obeying the plain dictates of common humanity, for discharging the first duty of true Christian men, the duty which, being left undone, not only renders all pretensions to the Christian name worthless and contemptible, it divests a man of his personal honor and ruins him soul and body.

Thus this unhallowed claim, of which I speak, makes good evil and light darkness. Its nature is to render the performance of indispensable human duties impossible. And it has actually made itself effective to such an extent that it has seared the conscience of the great Christian Church, and so blinded the understandings of most eminent professors of religion that they cannot distinguish the piercing shrieks of human agony from the dull creaking of dead political machinery, but stand unmoved and dumb when a hunted mother murders her child to save it from being treated as a chattel and a brute! To the most vital intents and purposes, the alleged right to hold human property expunges from the Bible the plainest precepts of God, and its self-evident truths from the Declaration of Independence, thrusting itself in the place of both, usurping the authority of the Highest, and virtually declaring the fundamental principles of our Institutions to be the right of one man to enslave another, and the Fugitive Slave Law, by which that right is acknowledged and secured.

Thus, my friends, it is apparent, not only in reason, but in fact, that the claim of property in man is destructive of all claims, of all rights. It annihilates the ground upon which [illegible] anything that you call your own, your wife, your [illegible], your [illegible], your own soul.

I have long ago ceased to be surprised at the general insensibility to this claim, considered on the score of its iniquity and inhumanity. The wide-spread selfishness that renders us regardless of the rights of others in so many other respects, accounts for our insensibility in this respect.

But, putting all considerations of humanity and religion out of view, what I am surprised at is that, in this age of the world, and in this country of all countries, when and where the pursuit of gain has sharpened men's minds to an exceeding keenness, and rendered them in no direction so quick to take alarm as in regard to whatever threatens the security of the rights of property, those rights for the protection of which such a complicated and costly fabric of laws is erected that it is the study of a life to master its intricacies—in this condition of things, it is, I say, a matter of supreme astonishment that men, business men, men engaged in accumulating property and in constantly seeking securities for it, the descendants, too, of men who started up revolutionists the instant the hand of government was thrust into their pockets to take a few pence from them—that this class of persons should be so blind as not to perceive how this pretended right of property in man, by denying the inalienable right of every man to himself, strikes at the root of all rights of property, rendering all property insecure—this, this is indeed a wonder. It shows that if Trade makes men sharp, it makes them so narrow likewise that they can discern nothing outside their shops and counting-rooms. For, as I said, if your own hands are not your own, what is there that those hands can fashion or hold to which you can urge any claim against any one strong enough to take it from you? Evident as this is, in the very reason of things, to any one who can put two ideas together, it is made visible to our eyes, palpable to our very touch, in facts, in events, public and notorious, transpiring every day in the presence of this generation. So that the noonday sun is not plainer in the heavens than the disorganizing, ruinous nature of this pretended right of holding property in human beings. Fatal is it to every hope of security for property, for personal liberty, and for life itself.

Although so many significant indications point the other way, notwithstanding the appalling insensibility of the Church, and the general indifference of the people of the Free States, I cannot bring myself to give up the belief that the time will soon come when the truth, which I seek to impress upon you, and which no words that I can command can adequately represent, will break, with the clearness of a mathematical demonstration and the force of a thunderbolt, upon the hardest minds; that we shall all feel, just as we feel an earthquake, with fear and great trembling, that the essential principle of the Slave Power—the right of property in man—is as fatal as an earthquake to all security, and will crumble the foundations of public order and private prosperity into ashes. A truth so momentous, and so close to us, so close to our reason and our eyes, cannot be forever hidden from the general mind. It cannot be hidden much longer. It must soon be seen by all men that the very sentiment, respect for the rights of property, so confidently appealed to to protect property in human flesh, is the very sentiment which, though we fear not God nor regard man, should alone suffice to induce us to withdraw all protection from it, to abolish it utterly; for the right which it assumes is simply this—liberty to violate all rights.

The generality of us, I know, are content to live from hand to mouth, ready to persuade ourselves, with ostrich-like stupidity, that all danger vanishes the instant we shut our eyes to it, satisfied with the miserable hope that things will last our time, saying, with the selfish old diplomatist, "After us, the deluge." But when the roar of the rising waters is thundering louder and louder in our ears, as one safeguard after another gives way, when the very spray of the coming waters is dashed in our faces, we shall open our eyes perforce, and there will come an end to this most pitiable folly. And when that time shall come, when the truth in this matter shall break upon men's minds, then, as quick as the thunder follows the flash, we shall be in the midst of a revolution, and there will be no false and whining conservatism that will be able to make itself heard in the uproar of that crisis There will be no pause to save the Union, for there will not be one lingering desire to save it, when it is once clearly seen how it protects this most wicked and mischievous fallacy, the right of property in man. Out of the disorder and disunion of that occasion, there will come a reorganizing of our National Institutions. And the old Revolution, which the Declaration of Independence inaugurated, will be eclipsed—dwindling away into a mere preliminary skirmish—by the grander Revolution, which is either to extinguish forever, in the Northern States at least, the claim, as absurd as it is impious, to hold man as property, or to blot out the sun in heaven, and cover the whole land with a deeper darkness of Despotism than the world has yet witnessed.

There is one powerful cause of the general insensibility to the dangerous nature of this assumed right which must not be overlooked; and that is, that at present this right, although asserted in general terms, has reference only to certain classes, and all that is as yet meant by it is that white men may rightly hold black men as property. This limitation, so far from lessening the iniquity of the claim only aggravates it. Instead of standing upon the ground that belongs to it, the ground of brute force, it insults the sacred idea of Immutable Justice by pretending that the Creator has doomed men to be slaves for the color which He has given them. And besides, this distinction is not observed in fact, for there are black men who hold human property, and many men and women whiter than many of the white race who are held as property. The essential meaning of the claim is that the strong may make merchandise of the weak.

And it is not only even more iniquitous, under this restriction to the African race, it is not any the less deadly. It does not lose one jot of the fatal character with which it threatens the security of all rights and of all persons. Let it once be expressly embodied in our National and State Constitutions that the whites may hold the blacks as slaves, that a man's right to himself shall depend upon his complexion—let power be permitted to make this arbitrary distinction, and what other distinctions are there which it will hesitate to make the moment it has the temptation and the opportunity? What other distinctions are there more arbitrary than this, and on that account less likely to be made? Let Power and not Right be acknowledged as law, on a point so vital as this, and there is no limit to the usurpations which it will perpetrate, there are no claims that it will listen to but its own. Already the slightest infusion of African blood, though imperceptible to the eye, is held to be fatal to the demand for liberty on the part of the slave. From enslaving black men, when once expressly sanctioned as the supreme law of the land, how easy would be the transition, for instance, to an enactment that every one, whether black or white, who should dare to call in question the authority of the law shall be summarily dragged to the auction-block to be sold for a term of years or for life, accordingly as the offence may be committed in private conversation or in a public assembly!

My friends, you think this impossible. Does it appear one whit more incredible than the revival of the Slave Trade appeared a few years ago? And that is now boldly contended for and actually begun. There is nothing impossible in the way of wrong-doing to the despot when he considers himself under the necessity of upholding his own authority. The penalty of free speech now at the South is instant death at the hands of a mob. Let the Slave Power dictate its law to the whole country, and it will take credit to itself for humanity in changing the penalty for that offence from death to slavery for life.

At all events, we cannot be too suspicious of absolute power, especially when we observe how wickedness and oppression, the instant they are enacted and receive the name and sanction of law, cease to be wicked and oppressive in the eyes of the many. Let the grossest iniquity, through a conspiracy of bold, bad men, only be framed into a law, and it is at once transformed into an angel of light, freshly descended from heaven. Thus it is that the conscience of a whole great nation may be paralyzed and so be prepared to offer itself up, body and soul, on the bloody altar of Despotic Power.

No, friends, it cannot be. There can be no security for any rights, or for any class of persons, so long as any compromise is acquiesced in with this perilous right which is claimed, to hold as property any description of human beings. It is full of wrong, and danger, and death. It renders every thought of Justice and Freedom and Religion and Progress impossible. And when these things are departing from men's minds, then all the streams of public order and personal honor and security, though they may still for awhile roll full and broad over the land, are drying up at the source.

To claim, therefore, for this devastating principle liberty to extend itself at will, unchecked, over the West, is to demand not merely that the black race shall be held in bondage by the white, but that all rights may be unsettled, that a war of extermination may be waged against whatever makes life a blessing, that men may have leave to plunder and lay waste, and to push on with the utmost vigor the work of turning our cities into howling wildernesses, and of displacing human beings with the bear and the wolf.

And yet such a demand is now actually made, and by men and parties holding themselves competent to administer the affairs of a free people! And the actually existing government of the country is in nothing so sensitive and so earnest as in standing guard over this deadly right of property in man. And as if nothing were to be wanting to show how the sacred principles of the Declaration of Independence are utterly dying out in men's minds, an effort is to be made, deliberately and without shame to remove from the accursed trade in human beings the brand of piracy which our fathers stamped upon it.

If, by a sudden visitation of God, we were all to be brought to-morrow morning to see the condition of things as it is, and how false we are, not only to our fathers, and to their solemn Declaration, but to man and God, instead of welcoming the day with thunders of artillery and tokens of rejoicing, there would rise all over the land the wailing of a stricken and repentant people, sitting in sackcloth and ashes. Instead of proudly flaunting our national ensign in the sun, we should let its bloody and dishonored folds trail in the dust; we should hang all our streets in black, in confession of our great transgression of the law of Liberty and Righteousness.

Insensible as we actually are to the guilt and peril we incur, through our acquiescence in the right of property in man, what moral blindness, what a want of clear perception of the simplest truths is disclosed! Everything like a generous and self-sacrificing enthusiasm for a great principle we can no longer sympathize with. It is ridiculed as sheer fanaticism. And our Christianity has become a dead shell, when there is no commanding sense of justice, no respect for equal rights, no humanity, remaining in our hearts. In this state of things, what words can convey any idea of the responsibility resting upon the teachers of Religion? If they keep silence much longer, all faith in Religion, all respect for it will die out utterly in the general mind.

Profound is my conviction that, had we been loyal to the great Idea which the Declaration of Independence embodies, had we made haste to realize it to its utmost extent, as certainly as that there would not now be a single slave within our borders, so there is not a government in the old world, from England to Turkey, that would not have been, I might almost say revolutionized, within the eighty years that have elapsed since the Declaration of Independence was made. I cannot believe that the masses of Europe could have been kept under the feet of their masters, or driven, as they are to battle-fields, like sheep to the shambles, if they had had before their eyes the stirring spectacle of a vast and growing multitude of men, living here in the new world without one slave among them, in the full recognition and enjoyment of the God-given rights of humanity. Before the overwhelming demonstration of self-government, here presented, it is impossible that kings and rulers could have withheld from the people the constitutional safeguards of personal liberty which would have been demanded. Long ere this the sceptre would have passed away from the bloody grasp of Despotism forever. Even as it is, what throngs of the poor and oppressed of European lands have poured across the ocean to us! And how did the first blush of the morning of liberty, as it seemed to be, that was dawning here, stir the people of France with the wildest enthusiasm!

But, in fact, how stands it this day with the old world? When we remember how, until within the last ten years, Europe was glowing all over with aspirations for Freedom, breaking out, like electric flashes, in Italy, in France, in Austria even, how we waited for tidings of coming revolutions, for the great war of opinion, which an enlightened British statesman had predicted—when we recall all these tokens and expectations, and then consider what we now behold, the aspect of the old world is gloomy indeed. Except in a few ardent minds, and these are accounted visionaries, the very idea of Free Institutions seems to have deceased. The people appear to have reconciled themselves to be the property of their masters, as the only condition of public order and human existence. What a funeral pall rests upon France, stifling all the aspirations of that ardent and excitable nation! A horrible war is now raging, and thousands of homes are filled with mourning for husbands, lovers, sons and brothers, miserably slain in battle. And what is it all for? Some dim dream of Italian deliverance floats over the smoke of that torment. But really the bloody struggle is only for power and a change of masters. No inspiring hope for Humanity marshals those hosts and atones for the agony.

Now, when I think how, within the last twenty years, the eyes of the whole world have been drawn to us, to our wonderful increase in territory, in population, and in power, and how we have been striving and fighting during this period to extend the area of the most abject bondage the world ever saw, and promulgating laws for the security of human property, the highest officials and our most eminent public men taking the lead in upholding slavery; when I call to mind the savage outrage perpetrated, for his devotion to freedom, upon a noble Senator on the most conspicuous spot in the land, in the public chamber of the Senate; when I remember, too, the wrongs committed and the blood spilt in the far West for the sake of maintaining the right to enslave men; and when, in addition to all these things, we bring to mind how the cruelty, and wrong, and agony of Slavery have been published throughout the world in the thrilling Story of the Poor Slave translated into all the languages of Europe, how can I help believing, as I do, that it is *we* who, by our giant treason to the liberties of the human race, have plucked out of the crushed and bleeding heart of the Old World all faith in the possibility of any freer order of things than now exists!

Believing this, I hold that whatever of hope still remains for the world's liberty and progress depends upon *us*. Here in America the fate of Europe is to be decided. Here the faith of mankind in human nature is to be vindicated or blasted forever. The struggling nations of the Old World have a far deeper interest in the conflict between Freedom and Slavery on our soil than either we or they have in the bloody war which is raging there. Friends and brethren, never since the world began had a people more solemn inducements than we have to stand up unflinchingly for God and the Right.

For our present insensibility God forgive us! We are sinning greatly against our brothers. May we be awakened one and all to the world-wide wrong that we are doing! That we may have eyes to see our duty, that our hearts may be touched with sacred pity for the Slave, and through him be brought into sympathy and fellowship with the Highest in life and death, let us pray with a fervor passing the power of words.

TWO NEGROES HUNG BY A MOB.

ANOTHER BURNT ALIVE.

Correspondence of The St. Louis Democrat.

MARSHALL, Saline Co., Mo., July 20, 1859.

SOME time ago, you will recollect, a negro murdered a gentleman named Hinton, near Waverly, in this county. He was caught, after a long search, and put in jail. Yesterday he was tried at this place and convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hung. While the sheriff was conveying him to prison, he was set upon by the crowd and taken from that officer. The mob then proceeded to the jail and took thence two other negroes. One of them had attempted the life of a citizen of this place, and the other had just committed an outrage upon a young white girl. After the mob got the negroes together, they proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and, selecting a proper place, chained the negro who killed Hinton to a stake, got a quantity of dry wood, piled it around him, and set it on fire. Then commenced a scene which, for its sickening horrors, has never been witnessed before in this or perhaps any other place.

The negro was stripped to his waist, and barefooted. He looked the picture of despair; but there was no sympathy felt for him at the moment. Presently the fire began to surge up in flames around him, and its effects

were soon made vi[illegible] e attempts of the poor wretch to move hi[illegible] flames gathered about his limbs and body, [illegible] the most frantic skrieks and appeals [illegible] for water! He seized the chains [illegible] rned the flesh off his hands. He would drop them, and catch at them again and again. Then he would repeat his cries; but all to no purpose. In a few moments he was a charred mass, bones and flesh alike burned into a powder. Many, very many of the spectators, who did not realize the full horrors of the scene until it was too late to change it, retired disgusted and sick at the sight. May Marshall never witness such another spectacle.

The ends of justice are surely as fully accomplished by the ordinary process of law as by the violence of an excited populace.

If the horrors of the day had ended here, it would have been well, but the other negroes were taken and hung—justly, perhaps, but in violation of law and good order. They exhibited no remorse. One of them simply remarked "that he hoped before they hung him they would let him see the other boy burned!"

The outrage perpetrated by the negro was upon the daughter of a highly respectable farmer named Lamb, living near Marshall. It appears that a number of children had gone to gather blackberries not far from the town, where the negro who belonged to one of the neighboring farmers, was at work in a field. According to the statement of the children, the first they saw of him was when he rushed in among them perfectly naked, and seized the eldest of them, about 13 years of age, the daughter of Mr. Lamb. The others were frightened and ran away, while the negro dragged his victim into a thicket and committed the fiendish act. While he was dragging her along, she told him she would tell his master and her father upon him. He replied he was a runaway and had no master. In the meantime her little brother, who was of the party, hastened into town and told his parents the story. A party of men immediately started for the spot as directed, and found the girl in convulsions. After settling her, she recovered sufficiently to tell the occurrence. They then went in pursuit of the negro and, from her description of him, found him at work in the field. He was immediately arrested, taken before a justice, and confronted with the girl, who had been conveyed to the magistrate's office. She recognized him immediately. He was put in jail, but the people took him with the others, and hung him, as I have stated. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, it is stated, are almost insane about the matter. The girl, although much injured, will recover. There must have been upward of one thousand people present, although many returned before the affair was over.

THE FANATICISM OF DR. CHEEVER.

From the Salem (Mass.) Register.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The last number of *The Congregationalist*, a religious periodical published in Boston, contains an editorial, headed "*The Spirit of the Anniversaries*," in which the following language is used respecting one of the most prominent speakers on that occasion, Rev. Dr. Cheever.

"His words came down with tremendous emphasis, but with small appeal to the heart. His spirit of argument and asseveration seems to us in some danger of a tinge of positive fanaticism, which wholly ignores all the gentleness of Christ."

Now, although we admire *The Congregationalist* generally, and admire the noble stand it has taken on many subjects, we must confess that we have not a particle of sympathy with the sentiments contained in the foregoing extract.

We have listened to Dr. Cheever more than once while giving utterance to those tremendous *scriptural* thoughts having reference to the sin of oppression, which he pours forth like a torrent upon the hearts and consciences of his hearers, and always with increasing satisfaction and delight.

Every one at all familiar with the speeches and writings of Dr. C. knows that almost every other thought advanced by him is either contained in or suggested by some passage of Holy Writ; and to say that *such* ideas "make small appeal to the heart," or that he who repeats them is in danger of being "tinged with a positive fanaticism," which "wholly ignores the gentleness of Christ," is simply—*absurd*. Would you say that He "who spake as never man spake" made "small appeal to the heart—was in some danger of being tinged with a positive fanaticism, which wholly ignored all his gentleness," because he rebuked sin, and the flagrant offenders of his day, in the following emphatic words: "Ye serpents! ye generation of vipers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "Ye are of your father the devil," &c. And again: "Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when ye have made him, he is ten-fold more the child of hell than he was before."

These are no *rose-water* sentiments addressed by Christ *personally* to individuals who, in our opinion, were guilty of far less aggravated offences than those who are the subjects of Dr. C.'s rebukes and denunciations. We *know* Dr. C., and we think every one personally acquainted with him will bear witness to the truth of the following statement, viz.: that few men possess more of the meekness and gentleness of Christ than he. His own language, used in reference to Archbishop Leighton, is true in its application to himself: "He would not handle a rose-bud too roughly, and a terrified bird would take refuge in his bosom." But he *will* "call things by their right names," and handle *sin* "without gloves," especially the sin of *slavery*, that "sum of all villanies." He is not *afraid* to rebuke sin in "high places," and we thank God that while the padlock is upon so many lips respecting this great national evil, *his* are free, and that he will use them in pouring forth the exhaustless stores of his brilliant and capacious intellect to rouse this whole nation to a sense of its responsibility, and to the enormity of the gigantic evil which is preying upon its vitals. We verily believe he is doing more to effect this result than all the pulpits in Boston, although some of them have spoken out boldly upon the subject. For ourself, we should not feel reluctant to have slavery denounced in the same manner that Carlyle once said he should like to hear Burns's "Scots wha hae" sung, i. e., "*through the throat of a whirlwind*."

We listened to some remarks from Wendell Phillips, Esq., in Mercantile Hall, during the Anniversaries, and heard him condemning Dr. C. for not coming out and cutting loose from the Church, while he highly approved of his bold, independent course in denouncing slavery, and all its adherents. "But," said he, "Dr. C. is greatly mistaken if he supposes that the *clergy* will sustain him. No—they will denounce him as a fanatic." We are sorry to be obliged to confess that the above extract from *The Congregationalist* looks as if the prophecy was fast becoming fact. ORIOLE.

BOSTON GOSSIP.

BOSTON, July 27, 1859.

WE, that is the conservative men of this community, had flattered ourselves that we had taken sufficient precautions against publicity in the matter of the outbreak at the meeting of the Alumni at Cambridge last week. But it seems we were mistaken. And we might have known that our precautions would be of no avail. Somebody is sure to blab in *The Tribune*. Now that the story is out, we must make the best of it. And, after all, I am not sure but it is as well that the public should be fully informed what are the designs of a certain class of men among us. Forewarned, forearmed! If we are to have the broken fragments of a dissevered Union flying about our ears on the day after the next meeting of the Alumni, let us be prepared to duck our heads, and seek a shelter. So, on the whole, perhaps it will do no harm to relate a few of the particulars of this rebellion.

The cowardly character of the malcontents is made sufficiently evident by the fact that Mr. Winthrop, who seems to have been the chief object of their malice, is now in Europe. When the cat is away, the mice will play; and the moment Mr. Winthrop turns his back, an insurrection breaks out among the Alumni, which requires the most vigorous effort of Professor Felton and Professor Bowen to suppress. The ringleader of the rebels seems to have been a man named John Washburn, of Worcester. Who he is, I know not, but surmise that he belongs to some obscure branch of the Washburn family. I am happy to be able to say that he is not a son of ex-Gov. Washburn, now Professor or lecturer at Cambridge, who is conservative, and would never encourage any revolutionary tumult. Perhaps this misguided young man belongs to that branch of the Washburn family which has sent three or four Black Republicans to Congress. When, at the meeting of the Alumni the customary motion was made for the appointment of a committee to retire and report a list of officers for the year ensuing, this Mr. Washburn got up and audaciously moved that the officers be chosen by ballot. Professor Bowen, pitying what he charitably considered the young man's ignorance, informed him that the usual method was to appoint a committee. Washburn unblushingly replied that he was aware of that fact, but he thought it important that the members should have the privilege of assent or dissent, and this they could not have without a ballot. Think of that! Dissent from the conclusion of the managers! Was anything so audacious ever heard of before! The Professors began to look wild. They were observed to glance around the room and "count noses." The ranks of law and order were found to be painfully thin. Scouts were hurriedly sent out to bring in reenforcements. Meanwhile, time was gained by reading Mr. Winthrop's letter, in which he communicated a quasi declination of reëlection. Professor Bowen graciously informed those who were present that the Historical Society had reëlected Mr. Winthrop its President, in spite of a similar declination, and he thought it extremely proper that the Alumni should do the same thing. By this time a sufficient number of conservative men had been rallied to make it safe to take a vote, for the motion made by the Worcester revolutionist had been carried. Fortunately, however, the rebellion went no further. The power which the radicals appealed to—to wit, the ballot did not serve their turn. The friends of law and order were too strong for them; and when the box was turned, it was found that Mr. Winthrop had received 4[illegible] votes, and Mr. C. F. Adams 26. Mr. Adams had, of course, nothing to do with this *emeute*. He was, with Dr. Holmes, reëlected Vice-President; and here I must relate the most startling fact of all—one which shows the purposes of these disorganizers in their most ghastly aspect. It is [illegible] that twenty of the votes for Vice-President were cast for Wendell Phillips, the same man who [illegible] compared Mr. Winthrop's political [illegible] baby which was "sot on" by a [illegible] fat woman [illegible] woman who carried Mr. Winthrop's [illegible] no less a person than Mr. Webster. [illegible] cannot be said to be altogether inappropr[illegible] the [illegible] suggested to the mind's eye is somewhat [illegible] the attempt to elect to [illegible] Vice-President a man so forgetful of the proprieties of [illegible] r such a sarcasm furnishes a pregnant [illegible] e purposes of the revolutionary party. Th[illegible] ing.

I believe [illegible] lse occurred to disturb the harmony and pleasure of Commencement day, except an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece," to the "contemptible articles in *The New York Ledger*," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient to blow his nose about that time. At the meeting of the Managers (or what not) of the Divinity School, the Rev. Mr. Conway of Cincinnati introduced a resolution of sympathy with Theodore Parker in his illness, and of hope that he may soon return to his sphere of duty. This was about the coolest thing I have ever heard of. Mr. Parker himself, who does not lack boldness, will be astonished at the audacity of his Cincinnati friend. The proposition was treated as courteously as could have been expected. Most of the clergymen spoke very handsomely of Mr. Parker, but they could hardly have been expected, after the warfare between them and him, which has been carried on for the last twenty years, to go any further.

Mr. Choate's funeral, on Saturday, was handsomely attended. Dr. Adams's sermon, like the one he delivered on the Sabbath after the news came of Mr. Choate's decease, must have been offensive, from the tone of doubt which pervades both as to the fate of his parishioner. Speculations, at public funerals, as to what has become of the soul of the deceased seem to be in very bad taste, and in this case, considering the relative claims of Mr. Choate and Dr. Adams to the Divine clemency, they seem almost ludicrous. The Doctor seems not to entertain the slightest doubt that *he* shall enter heaven; but it is difficult to see how he is to get there, except under the Universalist "scheme," which admits everybody. If anybody may be said to have a "smart chance" of eternal torments, it certainly is the man who has exerted all his efforts to prolong the slavery of four millions of men in this life; and, as the sailor said when he saw the slave-drivers with their coffle of slaves, "If the devil don't get such fellows, we might as well not have any devil." One cause of the prevalent distrust and disbelief in a future state of retribution probably is the acquiescence of so many persons in the claim which is set up by well-known and notorious hypocrites, that they shall not only go to heaven themselves, but shall have considerable to say in relation to the way in which heaven shall be peopled. The complacency and ease of these pharisaical rogues is a great cause of scepticism. The hard common sense of the world recognizes at once the fact that they are worthy of hell if anybody is, and the fact that they do not fear it goes a great way to persuade people that there is no such place.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

WANTED.—To complete a file, to be deposited in an important public institution, where it will be permanently open to the public, the first three Reports of the American Anti-Slavery Society (1834, 1835, 1836) are wanted. Friends of the cause, search your piles of old pamphlets, and if you can find either or all of these Reports, and do not care to retain them, please send them at once to the Editor of THE STANDARD, who will thank you in the name of the cause.

HOPE AND FAITH.

WHAT an unspeakable blessing is Hope! If our hopeful expectation did not stretch into the domain of the impossible, and thus give vigor and animation to all labors less comprehensive in their scope, how could those labors accomplish even the little they do in the region of the possible. As Newman Noggs said to Nicholas, "It won't do to give up hoping."

Our highly respected English correspondent (in her letter of July 4th) cannot give up the hope that the non slaveholding whites of the South will yet act effectively, first for the abolition of the slave trade, and finally of slavery itself. So difficult is it, even for a person of high intelligence and thorough anti-slavery principle, to obtain and retain "a realizing sense" of the depraved and depraving character of slavery, without living a near neighbor to it, and a spectator of some part of the constant procession of its enormities. The depth of our depravity and degradation can hardly be understood, except by an *American* Abolitionist.

To a similar hopefulness on the part of Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper are we indebted for the publication of his admirable book—"THE IMPENDING CRISIS OF THE SOUTH."* He trusts (in his preface) that his friends and fellow-citizens of the South will read and act upon the important counsel he has given them; and he hopes that—as the work, considered with reference to the author's birth-place and home, is a novelty—its reception by his fellow-Southrons will also be novel; that is to say, that they will receive it, as it is offered, in a reasonable and friendly spirit, and that they will read it and reflect upon it as an honest and faithful endeavor, by one who naturally comes within the pale of their own sympathies, to treat, without rancor or prejudice, a subject of most weighty import.

Mr. Helper's book contains extracts from encouraging letters which he had received from non-slaveholding Southerners before its publication. We feel no doubt of the sincerity of the writers, nor that persons of similar sentiments are thinly scattered through all the slave States. One of these writers, who represents himself as a poor, but honest and industrious man, tells Mr. Helper that, *while patrolling*, a few nights ago, he was forcibly struck with the truthfulness of the remarks in his (Mr. Helper's) last letter, and could not help asking himself these questions: why should he be compelled, after finishing his ordinary day's labor for the support of his family, to walk the streets from nine in the evening till three in the morning to restrain the roving propensities of other people's property—"niggers"? Why should he be deprived of sleep that the slaveholder may slumber? He frankly acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Helper for opening his eyes upon this subject. The more he sees and thinks of slavery, the more he detests it. He was becoming restless, and debating in his own mind whether he had not better emigrate to a free State. If he lives, he is determined to oppose slavery somewhere, there or elsewhere! It will be impossible for him to keep his lips sealed much longer; and, *but for the unfathomable ignorance that pervades the mass of the poor, deluded, slavery-saddled whites* around him, he would not suppress his sentiments another hour. Another letter from the same person, shortly after, desired Mr. Helper not to fear that he would find no sympathizers in the South; hosts of friends, the writer declared, would greet him on every side; and, in his judgment, a large majority of the citizens of the town from which he wrote would shout an enthusiastic Amen to Mr. Helper's movement.

What town this was is yet left to our conjecture. Mr. Helper tells us only that it is in western North Carolina; and his reserve was right and prudent, since, if the citizens of that place had proved to be less zealous in vindicating their own rights than his correspondent supposed, the customary prompt action of slaveholders in defence of slavery would assuredly have brought indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon that correspondent, as soon as his letter had revealed his name, or even as soon as suspicion had pointed her finger at him as the author.

More than two years have now elapsed since the publication of Mr. Helper's book; a book proving, beyond dispute, that slavery is the cause of the chief evils, deficiencies and disabilities under which the South labors—that the non-slaveholding whites are injured, oppressed and degraded by it only less than the slaves—and that these same non-slaveholding whites, by their immense numerical superiority, hold a preponderance of political power, enabling them to abolish slavery whenever they will. Two years have passed since this great truth, so startling, so momentous, was published to the world, and the substance of it widely reported and commented on by the periodical press; and yet not a single Southern State, county, district, city, town or village has moved in response to this call, or made, so far as we can learn, the slightest attempt at the needful preparation and mutual coöperation; the large majority of that unknown town in western North Carolina, who were presumed by Mr. Helper's correspondent to be ready to shout for his plan of self-emancipation, have certainly not yet shouted; probably they are still submissively walking the patrol, and playing the part of watch-dogs over their black fellow-servants; and probably, too, if Mr. Helper's correspondent has not already emigrated, he finds it prudent to keep his presentation copy of "The Impending Crisis of the South" in the darkest and most secluded corner of his premises.

Of the editions of Mr. Helper's book already published, only a very small proportion, only a few thousand copies, have gone to the South. If there were any fitness in the soil to receive such seed, would it not, in far less time than two years, have germinated, and sprung up, and brought forth much fruit? Would there not have arisen an immense demand, in every Southern State, for a book which offers such immense benefits to the majority of the people of each? But the demand has not arisen; and so entirely wanting are the faintest indications of it that Northern benevolence has conceived the plan of forcing this undesired knowledge upon these white voluntary slaves, and printing a hundred thousand copies of this book for gratuitous distribution at the South!

Why has no demand for this book arisen among the non-slaveholders of the South? Why has no demand *begun* to arise among that small proportion of them who are yet aware of its existence? Certainly, they either do not care, either for the book, or its subject, or its object; or, they are afraid to send for it, or openly to read it, or to take the preliminary measures which it suggests! In either of these cases, what is the hope of effective action from them against slavery!

Unfortunately, both these suppositions are true. The few who, like Mr. Helper's correspondent, are sober and industrious, the few who, like him, have sufficient virtue, spirit and energy to *wish* slavery abolished, are afraid to act or to speak, even to whisper to one another. But the great majority of the non-slaveholding whites have no such wish. They are lazy, intemperate, licentious, unprincipled, vulgar and brutal. So far from wishing the overthrow of that system which has made them the contemptible tools they are, and which has given them, most deservedly, the nicknames of "poor whites"—"mean whites"—and "white trash" their chief amb[illegible] enter the rank of slaveholders. What hope [illegible] reposed in them, either for the rescue of the op[illegible] the overthrow of the tyrants? Whoso leans upon them leans upon worse than a broken—upon a *rotten* reed.

Let us now look at two instances which show how immense is the deteriorating influence of slavery upon those who are only indirectly affected by it, the people of the North, and the portion of that people who were most strongly bound (by their own professions and pretensions) to keep themselves pure from that influence, the ministers and church-members of the North.

We hope that no subscriber to THE STANDARD, and no reader of it, failed to read attentively the spirited, manly and Christian "Appeal" (on the first page of our issue of July 23, "to all members of the great Methodist family, affiliating with the Methodist Episcopal Church, throughout the world." This Appeal, briefly and accurately stating the extent to which the Northern Methodist Church is involved in slavery, admitting the terrible fact that a portion of the ministry in that Northern Church are "strongly opposed to any ecclesiastical action that will exclude slaveholders from the Church, or even condemn the practice of slaveholding," and (we charitably believe, from no want of disposition to do more, but from an appreciative sense of the greatness and difficulty of even this division of the work) limiting their present effort to the purification of their own Zion from this abomination—this Appeal is signed by only two hundred and forty-one Methodist ministers, out of the fourteen thousand travelling and local preachers of the Northern Methodist Church! "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Out of those Northern Methodists who are not only regenerate, but sufficiently advanced in piety to act as leaders and guides to the unregenerate, can there be found no more than one in fifty-eight to protest against the shelter of "the sum of all villanies" under the communion-table of their own Northern Church?

The other instance which we had in mind—as tending to show the very small proportion of those who (appropriately) call themselves "professors" of religion who are disposed to unite in anything even approaching thoroughness of anti-slavery action—is "The Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States." This body was founded five months ago, by fifty persons, or less. The Preamble, Declaration of Principles and Constitution adopted by them *contain* genuine and thorough anti-slavery, though their testimony to this effect is weakened, clogged and partially neutralized by an evident predominance of love for, and allegiance to, the American Church and ministry, a claim of respect and reverence for them, and of subservience to them from the community, entirely unwarranted (not to say negatived) by facts, and a manifestly prominent purpose to turn such help as may be raised for the slave to *their* account. The founders of this Society wish its benefits to accrue equally to those great sects which call themselves "evangelical," namely, the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Orthodox Congregationalists; and, though their aim in cultivating anti-slavery seems to be mainly to grind it into food and medicine for the Church and the ministry, it is but just to admit that their "brethren" in those bodies have never even attempted to go to half that extent.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, confronting pro-slavery in the Church and "the world" together, has had but small direct, though immense indirect success. Mr. Helper's direct success, in addressing men of the world, and appealing to enlightened self-interest, has been nothing; his indirect success cannot yet be calculated. But surely the "Church Anti-Slavery Society," selecting as the subjects of their appeal persons already affiliated with them as "Christian brethren"—persons whom they assume to be regenerated and sanctified, children of God and heirs of heaven—must have a speedy and great *direct* success. What is it?

At the end of five months, they announce, with sound of trumpet, that *one* Church has *unanimously* adopted a series of resolutions concocted by them. But, with characteristic clerical reserve, they abstained from mentioning the facts which our vigilant correspondent J. A. H. brought out in a late issue, the most important of which was that, out of a Church of 214 members, only fifteen persons passed the unanimous vote aforesaid.

"Ye are the salt of the earth"!

"Ye are the light of the world"!

The vital force of the Anti-Slavery movement must still be, as it has hitherto been, Faith—Trust in God—Confidence in the ultimate triumph of Right and Truth—and Confidence that each little effort that the feeblest of us makes will aid in the accomplishment of that ultimate triumph.

* Mr. Helper's "Compendium" of this work, lately issued, shall have attention before long.

DEATH OF HORACE MANN.—Horace Mann, President of Antioch College, died at Yellow Springs, Ohio, on Tuesday last. No intelligence of his illness having reached his friends at the East, the telegraphic announcement of his sudden death, taking them entirely by surprise, caused a most painful shock. Mr. Mann's history is familiar to our readers, among whom are not a few of his intimate friends. Bred a lawyer, he left that profession, many years since, to devote himself to the cause of Popular Education, in which he had long felt an absorbing interest. He filled for several years the office of Superintendent of Public Schools in Massachusetts, in which capacity he earned for himself a world-wide reputation. He was emphatically "the right man in the right place," and the high character of the Schools of Massachusetts at this day (to say nothing of his influence over those of other States) may be attributed to his zealous and wisely-directed efforts for their improvement. His plans of educational reform, however, met with bitter opposition, especially from a portion of the party calling itself "Evangelical," who attempted to drive him from his office by appeals to religious prejudices, he being a Unitarian. His vindication of himself on that occasion put his enemies to utter rout; but upon the death of John Quincy Adams, not long afterwards, he resigned his office to accept the seat in Congress thus made vacant. His anti-slavery speeches in that body are among the very best delivered therein since the struggle with the Slave Power commenced. They are remarkable for their high moral tone and (comparatively speaking) their uncompromising spirit. His powers of reasoning were strong and well trained, his satire keen as a Damascus blade, his rhetoric always well-chosen, his spirit bold and indomitable. He left Congress to take charge of Antioch College, in the hope of being able, in that capacity, to carry out his well-matured plans of education. He has been cut down by inexorable Death at the very moment when he was, apparently, about to reap the fruits of his long and persevering labors. His age was probably [illegible] 60.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

CELEBRATION AT ABINGTON, MASS.

OUR acknowledgments are due to the editor and printers of *The Liberator* for proof-slips, in advance of publication in that paper, of a large portion of the report of the Abington Celebration. The pressure upon our columns, however, is such that we can find room this week only for the following letter, briefly but happily describing what was said and done at the celebration. Next week our readers may expect to see some of the speeches of which our correspondent speaks so highly.

BOSTON, August 1st, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

I AM sure that both you and your readers will be glad to know that our State Society's celebration, on Saturday last, of the twenty-fifth Anniversary of West India Emancipation was a most successful and interesting one in all respects. And perhaps you will be glad to have some of the particulars thereof, at the hand of one who was present, and testifies of that which he heard and saw.

It has been what I count my great good fortune, Mr. Editor, to be present at very many meetings held under the auspices of the old Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. I will not say, categorically, that it never held a poor or an indifferent meeting, but I will say that I do not believe it ever did, nor have I ever heard of such a one. As I look back on those meetings now, through a series of years, they seem a brilliant series of most noble efforts and testimonies in behalf of all that is precious to Man and dear to God, and mightily have they worked for the furtherance of Righteousness, of Truth, and of true Freedom in our land. And, what is even better, the Society's vigor shows no decline. It has lost no part of its faith and its hope, it bates no jot of its high purpose, it seems to renew its youth, and it meets every fresh movement of the Slave Power, and every new develop[illegible] ro-slavery wickedness and meanness, [illegible] r, and with the same confidence of [illegible] at it did at the first. One special [illegible] turday, was in the number of new speakers who came to its platform, bringing mature, large and generous thoughts, expressed in eloquent and faithful words, full of promise for the future consecration of the speakers to the service of Humanity's best interests. Not less pleasant was it to see how the old and faithful servants of the cause—none the worse for their many and honorable scars—Garrison, Quincy, Remond, Foss, H. C. Wright, Whiting, &c., welcomed these younger warriors, and cheered them on to the good fight.

I believe there was both a general and a special reason for holding this anniversary-celebration on the 30th July instead of August the 1st—the true day; the general reason being that Saturday is a preferable day to Monday for any public occasion, and the special one that, on Monday, August 1st (this day), there is to be held in this city a National Convention of American Colored Citizens, which there will be a general desire on the part of Abolitionists to attend. That Convention is expected to hold two days. It assembles in one of the largest and most beautiful public halls of the city—the Tremont Temple.

But to our commemoration of the great day, twenty-five years ago, which saw eight hundred thousand human beings, in an instant, without the least commotion (save of grateful, overflowing hearts), without disorder, without the shedding of a drop of blood, peacefully set free from slavery forever, and converted into responsible men and women, enjoying and exercising the rights which God has given to every human being, and which only knavery and tyranny can wish to take away.

Everything which bright skies, and pleasant airs, and the healthful influences of summer's most beautiful scenes, could contribute to the enjoyment and the success of an open-air meeting was experienced on Saturday last, at the beautiful Grove in Centre Abington, in perfection. At the hour of 10 1-2 o'clock, a large company had already arrived upon the ground. The railroad cars had brought large delegations from Boston and Plymouth, and from the intermediate towns in both directions. Private carriages in great numbers brought people from all neighboring towns of Norfolk and Bristol Counties, but chiefly from the "Old Colony" itself, as Plymouth County loves to be called. A brief time was spent in exchanging greetings, when Samuel May, Jr., by request of the Committee of Arrangements, called the meeting to order, and offered a list of officers for the occasion. W. L. GARRISON was chosen to preside; a goodly list of Vice-Presidents was chosen, among whom, I observed, were representatives of Vermont and far-distant Minnesota—also Secretaries, and an efficient Finance Committee.

You will be glad to hear that Mr. Garrison appeared in greatly improved wealth. Indeed, he told me that the rest from public speaking of the past few months had been quite a help to him. And I was most glad to see that he discharged the many duties of the chair apparently with ease, and that he spoke with his old strength and clearness.

The exercises began with singing the hymn,

"Hail again the glorious day
When the despot's bloody sway
Passed forevermore away,
In the Western Main!
When, upon the bondman's night,
Broke old Freedom's joyful light,
And against the conquering RIGHT
Strove the WRONG in vain," &c. &c.

An inspiring hymn, rendered more so when swelling up from a multitude of voices and hearts, on such an occasion, and in such a place.

Mr. GARRISON then made a brief, but very appropriate, opening address. After a word of thanks to the meeting for the honor conferred on him, he came at once to the Occasion. He referred to the long and difficult struggle in Great Britain which had preceded the Act of Emancipation—to the powerful and interested hostility at home, and to the diabolical spirit of hate and vengeance which stirred the planters in the colonies, and prompted them to every evil word and violent deed. All reasons were urged, all arguments were employed, by the friends of the slave, to overthrow slavery; but all would have been in vain had not those arguments and efforts been based deeply on this sure rock—that Slavery is a SIN, a foul and hideous SIN, against both God and man. This met the national heart and conscience, which never could have been stirred by the argument alone that slavery is politically and financially mischievous, and it was the heart and conscience of the British *people*, thus awakened, which decreed the Emancipation Act. And no moral enterprise, said Mr. G., can be successfully completed on any other ground.

The Rev. H. M. FISK, of Taunton, was the first speaker. This gentleman has recently come to Massachusetts from Western New York, and was personally a stranger to every one present. But he soon struck a chord which caused every one to feel at home with him. His main subject was the relation of the Pulpit of this country to the great questions of humanity, especially the questions of slavery and Temperance, and he treated it with a vigor of thought, with a boldness of spirit, with an eloquence of language, which were truly refreshing. In what school of elocution Mr. Fisk has studied, I know not; but I am sure it will be a gain for public speakers generally to acquire the remarkable fullness and distinctness of articulation which he possesses. Every word fell complete from his lips, distinctly defined from its first sound to its last. You will doubtless have, in due time, a phonographic report of this and other speeches on the occasion. I think I may say it was the universal wish that Mr. Fisk may often appear as the public advocate of anti-slavery truth.

EDMUND QUINCY followed, showing the difference, in several respects, between the emancipation struggle in Great Britain and that in which we are engaged in this country for the overthrow of slavery. Our work, he maintained, is a far more difficult one, yet equally sure of its triumph. He pointed out the leading features of our work to-day. Especially, he said, must each Northern State thoroughly purge its own soil from the tread of kidnappers and slaves, decreeing that there shall be *no recognition whatever* of the right of property in man within her borders. This much, said Mr. Quincy, we *can* do; Wisconsin and Vermont have nobly pioneered the way, and other States will assuredly follow; we can bring Massachusetts to this high position; we can save her soil from the pollution of the slave-hunter's foot. ("We WILL do it," said a voice in the audience, firmly, which was instantly responded to by unanimous applause.)

CHARLES L. REMOND, of Salem, made a brief, but very telling, speech. He referred, with lively indignation, to "that flunkey in the Boston City Council who had let the cat out of the bag," in opposing the vote of thanks to Mr. George Sumner for his late Fourth of July oration, the said *flunkey* saying that we could not expect the Southern and Western merchants to come to the Boston Trade Sales if such sentiments as Mr. Sumner's were to be thrown in their faces! Mr. Remond, too, was warmly applauded.

You have all heard, doubtless, of the recent case of the slave-woman brought by her master and mistress to Plymouth in this State, and set free by our Supreme Court. The woman herself, being in the audience, was invited to the platform, and by Mr. Garrison presented to the audience. Mr. NATHANIEL B. SPOONER, of Plymouth, gave an account of the circumstances attending her liberation. As she is not in good health, an appeal was made for aid in her behalf, and between $30 and $40 collected for the purpose.

An adjournment for one hour was then taken, but before its close the audience, eager to hear further words, had again surrounded the speakers' stand, and the exercises recommenced with singing.

Mr. GARRISON exhibited a slave-driver's whip. It was a fearful and cruel-looking instrument, coarsely braided and knotted, and heavily loaded with lead in the handle, making it easily possible to maim or kill with it man or woman. It was made, he told us, in Westfield, Massachusetts! What a commentary on our State's history and professions—what a proof of the sordid spirit and moral degeneracy of some of her citizens, a disgrace alike to her and humanity.

Mr. E. H. HEYWOOD, one of the Finance Committee, made a spirited appeal to the audience for pecuniary aid to the cause—which, I presume, was liberally responded to.

Another new and youthful speaker then addressed us—before a stranger, but hereafter, I trust, to be a well-known friend—Mr. J. Frank Bailey, a recent graduate of Brown University. He made a very welcome speech; it was so clear in moral discernment, so radical in its principles, and withal so modest in its utterance, as to win the general admiration. He quoted with great effect some public remarks of the late Rufus Choate, which were a key to that degenerate man's principles and course of life. I cannot give here the precise words, but they conveyed a sneer against the reformers of the day, against their principles and measures and boasted philanthropy. He disclaimed all sympathy with them—"*our* philanthropy," he said, "is *American* philanthropy"—evidently in contradistinction to that which is human, Christian, world-wide.

HENRY C. WRIGHT followed in some excellent remarks. He spoke, with evidently deep satisfaction, of the two speeches of Messrs. Fisk and Bailey, who had to-day appeared for the first time on our platform.

Mr. GARRISON referred to what Rev. Dr. South-side Adams, of Boston, had recently said in eulogy of his late parishioner, Mr. Choate; and remarked that Dr. A. had spoken somewhat dubiously of Mr. Choate's future state. Mr. Garrison thought that Dr. A. had left his friend Mr. Choate suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, somewhere between heaven and earth. He (Mr. Garrison) did not believe that Mr. Choate could, by any spiritual laws, go *upward*; he must needs *gravitate downward*. But, said he, wherever Mr. Choate's position may be, in the future life, ten thousand times rather would I take my chance with him than with that false, recreant priest, who, as his pastor, had never, in twenty-five years, in any prayer, hymn or sermon, so much as reminded Mr. Choate of any wrong or evil act he had done.

Then we listened to one of the men who have become famous and honored by their participation in what is known as the Oberlin Rescue—one of the forty upon whom the United States Government pounced, for their participation in that act which saved a respected townsman from a life of slavery, and shut them up in Cleveland jail for *eighty-five days!* and whom the great and powerful State of Ohio was too cowardly, or too much paralyzed by her union with slaveholders, to protect and deliver, even on her own soil! What shame, what degradation, what base subserviency to an unspeakably worse despotism than France, or Russia, or Austria dares to exercise!

The speaker was a young Mr. WINSOR, if I rightly heard his name. He gave a manly narrative of the principal facts in the case. A considerable proportion of those who were imprisoned had taken, he said, no immediate part in the rescue; but, simply because, at ten miles distance, they had assembled and prayed God that he would bless the attempt made to save their friend from slavery, they were declared, by a worse than star-chamber court, to be accomplices in the CRIME! He told many incidents which were highly interesting, but time and space forbid my enlarging.

And I will only add, in general, that the high and faithful tone of the speaking continued throughout. We had excellent addresses, in continuation, from ANDREW T. FOSS, Miss GIBSON of New Hampshire, LOUIS CLARKE of Canada (once a Kentucky slave), and NATHANIEL H. WHITING of Marshfield.

SAMUEL MAY, JR., presented the subject of the Petition to the coming Legislature, for a Law to prohibit Slave-Hunting in Massachusetts, and earnestly urged upon all present the devotion of such time as they could possibly give to the circulation of the same in their several towns.

With a few closing remarks from the President, the meeting adjourned. It appeared to be the universal feeling that it was good to have been there. A lovely day had been well spent, if the great and sacred truths, there so eloquently testified of, had sunk more deeply into our hearts, to bring forth renewed and better fruit in our coming days. NEW ENGLAND.

RESCUE OF DR. DOY.

WE mentioned last week the escape of Dr. Doy, a highly respectable citizen of Lawrence, Kansas, from the jail at St. Joseph, Missouri, where he had been confined upon an utterly false charge of "stealing slaves." He was kidnapped on the soil of Kansas, on the 25th of Jan. last, and taken to Missouri, by the "border ruffians" of that State, the laws of the United States, as administered in Kansas, affording him no redress. He was arraigned, tried, and convicted of stealing a slave named "Dick," though he had not even been on Missouri soil, since 1854 (long before the escape of the slave), when on his way from Rochester to Kansas. The kidnappers robbed him of his money ($70), his wagon, horses, provisions, &c., and treated him very cruelly in other respects. He was convicted, it is said, in spite of the influence of the Judge before whom he was tried, the Jury being in fear of the "ruffians." The Judge, deeming the verdict against him illegal and unjust, granted a new trial, which was about to take place at the time of his rescue.

The story of his release is briefly as follows: A company of resolute men, whose names are not known to the public, went to St. Joseph from Kansas, after laying their plans for his deliverance with the utmost care. Arriving at the jail, at midnight, July 23d, a portion of them gained admittance by pretending that one of their number was a horse-thief, whom the others had captured and wished to confine. Once fairly inside, they exhibited their weapons, and told the jailer that he had been deceived—that they had come to rescue Doy, and would do it or die. They told him that they would certainly kill him if he offered any resistance, or attempted to give any alarm; but would not hurt him at all if he remained quiet. The jailer told them that he saw he was in their power, and proposed, as the only chance, to leave it to Doy himself to say whether he would go or stay. Doy appeared at the door immediately and shook hands with the reputed horse-thief, he being the only one of the rescuers whom he (Doy) appeared to recognize. The jailer then asked him if he would not prefer to remain and take the chance of getting a new trial, and being honorably acquitted. Doy said he would prefer to go with his friends, and made some remarks about the way he had been treated, &c. The party then left the jail, telling Mr. Brown as they went out that the house would be guarded for a short time, and that he must not attempt to leave it, for if he did he would be shot.

The rescuing party were met the next day (Sunday) at Cottonwood Spring. Doy was in a wagon, with nine other men. There were also three other men on horseback, making twelve in all, besides Doy. The party had stopped to take breakfast, and the young man who brought the information had a conversation with them. They told him all about what had occurred, and stated particularly the manner in which they had effected the escape. They said that they had quite a strong party, and that they had men posted at convenient points all the way from the river to the jail; that to avoid pursuit they took, or thought they had taken, every skiff from the Missouri side of the river.

The Missourians are in a great rage at the loss of their prey. A reward of $1,000 has been offered by the sheriff for Doy's rearrest. Efforts will also be made, doubtless, to identify and punish the rescuers; but we doubt if any such efforts prove successful. The state of feeling in Kansas is indicated by the following extract of a letter to Dr. Doy, written before his release, by a citizen of Lawrence:

"Of one thing you can assure your tormenters, that, so far from your conviction deterring others from doing what you were falsely charged with doing, almost every man whom I have heard speak of it grinds his teeth together and says, 'Well, I never did help to run off a "nigger" from Missouri, but blame me if I don't now, whenever I can get a chance.' If they had released you, people would have said, 'Well, those slaveholders, after all, are pretty fair sort of men, and I guess we will not trouble their slaves.' But, now, if you are not finally released, people are determined to organize a thorough system for aiding all the slaves possible to escape. Old Brown will soon be at work, where he is least expected. The Abolitionists in Kansas are not made of such stuff that they will quietly submit to such an outrage as your punishment. Some night, those guilty jurymen may meet with what they little dream of.

"Yes, while you are hammering stone in Jefferson City the cry will go out over all Kansas, 'Reprisal! reprisal—take all Missourians who come on Kansas soil, and especially all slaves.' I do not say that this will be right; I only speak of things as they exist in Kansas."

THEODORE PARKER AND THE UNITARIANS.

AT the recent meeting of the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, the Rev. Moncure D. Conway, of Cincinnati, introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Association has heard with deep regret of the failure, during the past year, of the health of the Rev. Theodore Parker; and we hereby extend to him our heartfelt sympathy, and express our earnest hope and prayer for his return, with renewed strength and heart unabated, to the post of duty which he has so long filled with ability and zeal.

This resolution, promptly seconded by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, and which can be regarded only as an appropriate and courteous expression of sympathy for one of the most eminent of all the graduates of the institution, threw the association into a perfect tempest of excitement. Leading Unitarian divines, though professing *individual* sympathy for Mr. Parker, raised all sorts of false issues to prevent its passage. They even set up the ridiculous plea that it involved a sanction of Mr. Parker's peculiar theological ideas; though it is difficult to see how it could have been framed in a manner better calculated to avoid such an imputation. It was, however, to the utter disgrace of the body, voted down.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham, of this city, in a sermon delivered last Sunday, bore his testimony in fitting terms against the cant and bigotry of which this act affords so palpable an illustration. His words, which we take great pleasure in copying, will find a response in every generous mind. Mr. Frothingham's discourse had for its subject "Three Forms of Excessive Righteousness—Cant, Bigotry and Superstition." Under the first head he said:

"While dwelling on this point, I cannot forbear making allusion to a little event that transpired lately in Cambridge at a meeting of Unitarian clergymen, and has called forth a good deal of comment. It was proposed by a gentleman present, a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School and a preacher of note, that the meeting should send to their brother Theodore Parker, now seeking restoration of his health abroad, an expression of their good-will toward him, their sympathy with him in his illness, and their hope that he might return in renewed strength and heart to resume his labors in Boston. The proposition met with small favor. The resolution in which it was presented was lost; if because there was no precedent for it, well enough; but if for any other reason, expressed or implied, not well, as it seems to me. I must confess that I was smitten with surprise when I read that they who opposed its passage most earnestly did so on the ground that Mr. Parker was not a fit person to receive such expressions of sympathy; one saying that his teaching was hostile to Unitarian tenets; another declaring that he rejected the authority of Scripture; a third asserting that, as a preacher, he subverted all faith in revealed religion—as if Mr. Parker might not retort those charges, if he chose to do so, upon those who made them. If, indeed, Mr. Parker were a ribald denier or a low scoffer; if he were a man of no character for truth or purity, for piety or philanthropy; if he were a coarse rationalist or a vulgar materialist who repudiated the spiritual ideas of Christianity, and had lost the very inner consciousness and spirit which constitute one a Christian man; if he were a person who labored to weaken religious faith and uproot charity among men; if he were a Baron d'Holbach, or even a Thomas Paine, there would be good reason why the most liberal body of men calling themselves Christians should withhold from him the voluntary expression of their professional good wishes. But when we consider that he is what he is generally allowed to be—a man of large learning and deep thought, of tenderest affections, adamantine integrity, and piety as humble as it is sincere; a man whose spotlessness of private character, though he has been so eminent, so exposed, so detested, the mark of so many evil eyes, was never for an instant dimmed by the breath of slander; whose devotion to truth is beyond all impeachment; whose self-consecration is an example even to the self-consecrated, and whose love of man is so warm, so deep, so courageous, and so unwearied, that it makes us, judging him by the Master's rule, to feel that whatever he may have denied, he can have denied nothing which that Master would deem essential to the working faith of a true disciple; when we consider how his word is welcomed by the best spirits, and is feared by the worst; how crowds hungering and thirsting after the blessed life follow him, hanging on his lips, while evil-doers greet him with reviling; his nobleness, indeed, being such that men of quite opposite opinions to himself, of whom Mr. Beecher is a conspicuous example, are constrained to offer him the hearty good-will and 'God be with ye' which these, his brethren in a liberal faith, withhold; when, I say, we consider all this, such action as theirs awakens in us a genuine astonishment, and induces us sadly enough to suspect the presence of that ugly thing I have been describing. God forbid that I should unfairly judge the motives of my brethren. It is because they *are* my brethren that I feel entitled thus to speak. A friend has the best right to rebuke a friend.

"Throughout our communities Unitarianism is unpopular. It is looked at with suspicion. I am afraid in some quarters it is looked at with contempt. And wherefore? Is it because it is too intellectual, has pushed its inquiries too far, has spoken out too boldly its doubts and denials, has struck too fiercely at popular errors and superstitions? Nothing of this kind, I think, can justly be laid to its account. It is because an impression is abroad that it is not *sincere;* that it is timid, time-serving, and would willingly pass for what it is not. Men say it abjures creeds, and yet would impose a creed; it professes to judge Christians by their character, not by their belief, and yet it condemns good men for what it chooses to call unbelief, in spite of their character; it says, 'Let thought be free,' and flings the human mind, like an eagle, bravely out upon God's buoyant air of Truth, but then, with a fine, invisible thread, plucks it back when it deems its flight to be over bold; it declares the written Word is answerable to reason, learning, the suggestions of the Spirit within, and then cries out on those who reject the arbitrary authority of the Bible; it stabs orthodoxy to the heart, and then is ready to use orthodox phraseology and affect the orthodox mien. It is disingenuous; it equivocates; it dodges. This is the charge the world brings against it. It is the most fatal charge that can be brought. For if there be one thing which men respect in parties and in persons, it is *sincerity*. Let opinions be what they will, an unflinching fidelity to them, a brave outspokenness of them, wins a fair hearing. But a sect that can assume a tone or a posture not justified by its fundamental ideas has nothing to do but to die."

This tribute to Mr. Parker does credit to the head and heart of Mr. Frothingham, who, besides being foremost in point of scholarship among the Liberal clergy, possesses, in a very high degree, the moral courage which too many of them lack, and which is indispensable to usefulness in a preacher.

Mr. Conway's resolution, we are assured by a friend who was present, though defeated, obtained a large vote. The conservatives, as usual, were present in large force, while the progressive party was not so strongly represented in proportion to its numbers. It is believed that all the members of the graduating class of the Divinity School were in favor of the resolution, and that they would have voted for it if they had been present.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August opens with a paper "The Dramatic Element in the Bible," by the late Rev. Sylvester Judd, author of "Margaret." "The Ring Fetter" is the title of a tragic story of New England life by Rose Terry. The title, "Birds of the Night," prefixed to the next paper, has not a metaphorical but a literal significance, the article giving us a description of the habits of that branch of the feathered tribes which "chooses darkness rather than light," for a reason much more creditable than that which is said in the Scriptures to lead a certain class of bipeds to show the same preference. Mrs. Howe presents another chapter of her "Trip to Cuba," while Mrs. Stowe gives us some fresh and welcome leaves of "The Minister's Wooing." "The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" tries his hand—with very poor success, we think—at ridiculing and caricaturing Phrenology. The article on "The Italian War," by C. C. Hazewell, has not lost its interest by the sudden announcement of peace. The poetry in this number is better, on the whole, than usual. "My Psalm," by Whittier, we published last week. Who that was born or has ever lived long in "dear New England" will not instantly remember some sterling old saint, who might have stood for the original of Mr. Holland's charming picture on the fourth page?

CONSTITUTION FOR KANSAS.—The Constitutional Convention of Kansas has completed its work and adjourned. Composed of a large majority of Republicans, it confined the right of suffrage to *white* men! Slavery is, of course, prohibited. The effort to secure the right of suffrage for women, though supported by the presence and labors of Mrs. Nichols, formerly of the Brattleboro' (Vt.) *Democrat*, was not successful. Mrs. Nichols delivered two public addresses during the session of the Convention, having

most of its members among her auditors. The Constitution guarantees to women equal property rights, to mothers equality with fathers in the control of their children; it also gives to women the right to participate with men in the government of schools, academies and colleges. A clause in the Bill of Rights is intended to cover the case of all negroes, runaways, or others, and guarantee them a *trial by Jury*. The Democratic members refused to sign the Constitution, and their party will doubtless oppose its adoption by the people.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU........No. X.
July 18, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: When this letter reaches you, your community, like ours, will be unable to take an interest in any other topic till that of the War in Italy is discussed. It is really useless to speak of anything else till that is disposed of. I will, therefore, tell you something of the English state of mind, on the arrival of the news; and if I speak of it in connection with certain American views, the intention of our correspondence will be not the less fulfilled.

It would be a great satisfaction to the best friends of your country if your fellow-citizens would learn a lesson from the experience of the moment, as to the direction of their sympathies in the great questions of the day. I am not going to complain of the injustice of the prevalent American notion of the conduct of England in the Italian question. Such complaints can do no good, because the injustice must have a cause, and it can be cured only by the removal of that cause. The justice will come in time, when the case is understood; and to wait for it is at once more prudent and more agreeable than to put up any petition for it. The lesson that we hope your countrymen will learn is not that of understanding us better, but of proceeding upon some sort of principle in your political enthusiasms, and distrusting, instead of being proud of, impulses which may lead to disappointment and mortification. For some months past, the great body of American newspapers appear to have been rebuking and even insulting the English people for not having gone to war in behalf of the Italians. Even the regular correspondents of our leading newspapers, speaking for your community as well as for themselves, have assured us that we should undergo a melancholy retribution for our selfish apathy—a prophecy, by the way, identical with that of the German nation, who quarrel with us for not going into the strife on the side of Austria. As there seems to be some chance of a cool consideration of the matter now, we will just glance at the facts.

"It is selfish and short-sighted of the English to refuse to join Germany in a war against the Bonapartes. England must be aware of the danger to the whole world from any dominant Bonaparte, and ought to make haste to check him." So says Vienna. Our reply is, "It is true, there was once a mischievous Bonaparte. We withstood and overcame him, by the aid of allies, and without having sustained the insult of a foreign footmark on our territory. It is true we have no faith in the existing Bonapartes; and we admit the prudence, the absolute duty, of watching every move of theirs, and being prepared for any of the deadly caprices they delight in. But there is no *casus belli* between them and us. We are in alliance with France, and we believe in the good-will of the bulk of the French people in regard to us. There is every reason against a quarrel with them, and no sort of pretence for it. Therefore we could not join Germany in a war with France, even if we approved the relation which exists between Austria and her Italian provinces."

On the other hand, our American cousins taunt us with selfish consideration for our own ease, and with indifference to the interests of liberty, because we do not join France in fighting for the Italians. Again our reply is that there is no *casus belli*. Austria is our ally. She has done nothing to offend us; and therefore our taking part against her would be a gross breach of the most sacred engagements that can exist between nations. The levity with which American newspapers speak of breaches of the plighted faith of nations is very surprising to us. They seem to think that one nation may go to war with another whenever there is a difference of opinion or sentiment, or whenever the one disapproves of the domestic rule of the other; whereas the only security for the peace of the world is in the fixing of the terms on which nations shall live side by side, and in a faithful adherence to those terms. I may glance aside here at the contempt with which the Balance of Power is spoken of among you, as if it were a mere aristocratic idea, or a term without an idea belonging to it; whereas it is the highest expression of political wisdom and justice. The system called the Balance of Power is the loftiest stage of political civilization hitherto attained. By it the physical forces of States are kept under a common control, so that the smaller are as strong as the largest, and the largest are as innocuous as the smallest. By it international relations are extended and refined; and under it international morality grows up and strengthens. Immediate impulses are restrained, and far-reaching aims are encouraged; the weak are sustained, and the violent kept in check; commerce extends, and all ameliorating influences spread throughout the system; so that, instead of never-ceasing aggression and perpetual renewal of conflict, a long-enduring peace becomes possible, and a prospect is opened of a final relinquishment of war, whenever the principles of the domestic rule of States are agreed upon in all, as they are in some of the allied nations. But, of course, to render such a system anything more than a name, the parties to the agreement must be faithful to their pledges. It is for the welfare of Europe, and ultimately of every people in it, that international obligations shall be observed; and this would be an all-sufficient reason, if there were no other, why England should now keep the peace towards the Powers on either hand who have afforded her no cause for war. But there is more to be said. While England disapproves of the method of Austrian rule in Lombardy and Venice, she can do no more than express her disapproval, and remonstrate. It was a bad arrangement which gave Austria any territory beyond the Alps; but the arrangement was made; and those who have always admitted the right of possession of those provinces cannot march to wrest them from Austria by force. We admit also the right of rebellion against a government which is intolerably bad; and our sympathies are therefore with the Italians when they rise, and when they show signs of ability to govern themselves, or make a sufficient stir to call the governments of Europe together to reconsider the interests of the whole. In diplomacy, our entire sympathy is with the Italians; and in any Congress to which they may give occasion, their liberties will be the first consideration, on account at once of their own welfare and of the general peace. In this way, we can and will help the Italians; but it would be no ultimate kindness to them, while it would be a flagrant breach of national good faith, to make war upon an ally because he misgoverns parts of his empire. He must be compelled to do better, but not by a process which at once makes him the injured and outraged party.

See how the case is actually turning out! Louis Napoleon did exactly what your countrymen would have had England do: he picked a quarrel with an ally who was inoffensive in regard to him, on the ground of the misgovernment of Lombardy and Venice. In our eyes the act was one of bad faith towards Austria, while there was no security that better faith would be observed towards the other ally, Sardinia, who was put forward as the representative of the interests of Italy, under the damaging suspicion of seeking an increase of territory. Knowing what the Bonapartes are, and how virulent is their hostility to liberty wherever they might recognize or establish it, we could not believe that they would favor it in Italy while they trampled upon it everywhere else. Knowing the inability of the Italian peoples to agree and combine at any time within the memory of man, we could not suppose that their chance of independence could be a good one under the patronage of a despot whose aims would be promoted by keeping them divided. Seeing the unprincipled readiness of Sardinia to buy the patronage of the most perjured, cunning and cruel despot of his age, we could not consider the liberties of Italy safe in her keeping. The omens were all bad. Your countrymen had the same means of knowing this that we had; but they put reason aside, pooh-poohed good faith, believed the perjurer's promises, accepted his proclamations of his own virtues, uncovered their heads to his cant, clapped their hands at his trumped-up enthusiasms, and taunted us with our insensibility to the cause of liberty, and our coldness towards Italy. How stands the matter now?

Louis Napoleon has done a deed so bad that we can only hope it may be as much of a blunder as a crime. But for the spectacle of the loose credulity and treacherous sycophancy of your republican countrymen towards him, we should have entirely trusted at this moment that the Peace of Villafranca would ruin Louis Napoleon; but, as he, with his notorious antecedents, has obtained homage from the American public, he may not have forfeited their admiration even now, when he stands before the world as the most intolerable hypocrite, the most audacious traitor, the most heartless egotist of his own or almost of any age. He was known to be so before, within his own empire; he shows himself unaltered when seizing the disposal of other States. If your countrymen trusted him after the first act, they may trust him now after the second. Otherwise, we should hope he had now committed political suicide.

To buy off his executioners, and divert revolutionary agitation, he made war, against the will of the French nation. They now rejoice in the mere fact of peace because they were wholly averse to war; but their opinion of the terms of peace, and of the method in which it was made, is such that they speak more freely than human nature has dared to do in Paris since Napoleon seized the throne. His presence, it is well known, is urgently required, to repress free speech and manufacture cheers. The priests alone rejoice at the terms of the peace; and they rejoice with trembling, in the suspicion that the supremacy of the Pope cannot be enforced. All good Frenchmen mourn that the national pledges to Italy are forfeited so disgracefully before the echoes of the Emperor's virtuous proclamations have died away. All Frenchmen, good, bad and indifferent, are shocked at an expenditure of human life, and an infliction of human suffering (to say nothing of the ruinous cost in treasure), which would have been a sore tax for the longest and noblest of wars, all issuing in a close league between the despots for their own purposes. Sardinia is insulted and deserted; Venetia is delivered over to the tender mercies of her tyrant. The smaller States are compelled to receive back their expelled despots; and the Pope is made nominally supreme over all. He is the puppet; but Austria is in fact the supreme power. She is placed virtually at the head of both the Confederations, the German and the Italian; and thus are the Italians thrown down under her heel, after being tantalized with promises of independence. The treachery is so indisputable, so consummate, so audacious, and so rapid, that Europe stands aghast, as if there had not been every reason to expect this result. We shall soon hear whether your countrymen are equally astounded. Whether they are or not, will they not learn to control a mere sentiment when it is not sanctioned by reason or principle? They were wrong before when they "sympathized" us to "Repeal" with a small minority of ignorant, misjudging, misleading and interested Irish, in opposition to the judgment and desires of the bulk of the Irish people, who knew that their miseries arose from other than political causes. They now see that Ireland is made one of the most progressive and happy countries in the world, through other agencies than those of political revolution; and the spectacle is a rebuke to hasty and superficial impulse. The more recent case is worse, because the evidence of the character and acts of Louis Napoleon was before the world, and could be ignored only by those who wilfully shut their eyes. May your countrymen feel henceforth that the interests of liberty are too sacred and too precious to be committed to the mercies of a convicted traitor, for the gratification of an enthusiasm too superficial and selfish to trouble itself about any securities.

It is probable that England will turn out the best friend of liberty in the long run. How the existing complication will end, no one can foretell. But if the issue should be a great extension of the war—Italy up in revolt—the Pope driven for refuge to either of his precious "elder sons of the Church"—the three despots of Austria, France and Russia leagueing against the free Powers, England, Prussia, Switzerland, and some of the German States, it will be for the world's good that England has not been now implicated with the betrayer, and that, calm in her foresight of what must come, strong in the unanimity of her people, and the unbroken condition of her resources, she will be ready to take her part on the right side as soon as a *casus belli* may arise. If a Congress should avail to check the oppressors, and liberate their victims, and secure Europe henceforth against ghastly wars, on pretences of liberty, for the private purposes of despotism, England will speak with more authority from having been calm, sagacious and sincere when almost every other Power was betraying or betrayed. This great subject has left me no space for others. So farewell till next mail!

Yours, &c., H. M.

PERSONAL LIBERTY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

IN the Concord (N. H.) *Independent Democrat* of July 21st, we find a cogent and elaborate defence, by A. T. Foss, of the Personal Liberty bill which the Legislature of New Hampshire lately passed through its preliminary stages, and then, under the influence of a panic created by some of the wire-pullers of the Republican party, suddenly laid on the table and killed. Mr. Foss presents a very strong array of argument in favor of the bill, and effectually exposes the sophistry and cowardice by which it was defeated. The editor of the *Independent Democrat*, though not in favor of the bill in the precise shape in which it was presented, avows himself in favor of a strong assertion of the sovereignty of the State for the protection of all its inhabitants from the incursions of the man-hunters. He "would, at any time, support a bill punishing with the severest penalties any and all attempts to hold in slavery or kidnap a human being on the soil of New Hampshire," and "make all active and voluntary agency in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law not less perilous in view of the laws of this State than abhorrent to God and to all good men."

The following letter, from a venerable citizen of New Hampshire, whose name has long been familiar to Abolitionists, we publish with pleasure:

MERRIMACK COUNTY, N. H., July, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I see you have taken notice of the introduction, by the Judiciary Committee, of a Personal Liberty bill and its progress before the House of Representatives, in the late Legislature of this State. In the discussion there was manifested, among some of the politicians, considerable timidity and spinal weakness or want of back-bone; but, still, I think a large majority of the members were agreed in favor of the principle of the bill. We have a law by statute against abduction and kidnapping, which, with the habeas corpus, under the administration of our Courts, was probably deemed sufficient for the protection of personal liberty here—and so, the politicians wishing to avoid the clamor and howling of the pro-slavery Democracy, the matter for that time was indefinitely postponed, and there was not, perhaps, occasion for passing the bill, except for its moral effect. Should emergency arise, the Courts of this State would undoubtedly stand with Wisconsin against the Fugitive Slave act; and I think that in due time the people of New Hampshire will place upon the statute book a stringent Personal Liberty bill.

A word more. I hope the friends of freedom will be driving at Congress, by petition and otherwise, to reörganize the United States Judiciary, knock the benches from under the pro-slavery Judges, and put able and righteous men in their place. Massachusetts and New Hampshire have lately shown the way to look after the Judiciary. —— ——.

LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

HON. A. H. STEPHENS, Georgia—*Dear Sir:* Your late timely and appropriate address to your constituents must have been very gratifying to them, and, from the eminent source whence it comes, and from the important subjects touched upon, it excites interest among people in other parts of the Union. You seem to regard the organization of society in the Southern States, including domestic servitude, as in accordance with the order of nature, and that it is the best, in the general outline, that could be devised for the order, improvement and happiness of mankind. But it is not contended that the acme of perfection has yet been attained. The errors or mistakes of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Patrick Henry, and other workers of the revolution, have been overcome, but there is yet room for improvement and progress. It is desirable, under such circumstances, not only that the institution of slavery should be cherished at home, but that it should be extended into new territory. To this you allege an obstacle at present—the lack of STOCK—and indicate the reöpening of the African slave trade as a remedy for the deficiency. Now, I would make some suggestions relating to this matter of STOCK. I would not have a general opening of the foreign slave trade. I would have only an opening *sub modo*—say in form of limited *immigration*, under proper regulations—and I would import only the most valuable articles. In my acquaintance at the South I have noticed two classes of negroes—one with low forehead, flat nose and thick lips; another with high forehead, sharp nose and thin lips. I would import only from the tribes of this latter class, as they intermix well with the white race, producing half-bloods, quadroons and eighths of great value in the market, especially the females. Slave-breeding should receive more care and attention. The *contubernia* or *breeding quarters* should be suitably furnished, not at the expense of some of the out-houses furnished by some owners or masters for their special mistresses, but so as to be comfortable in summer and winter. I would allow contubernation among males and females only of those of good stock; and females, during gestation, should be put only to light work. Thus a good breeder would produce at least one offspring a year, worth a hundred dollars, each product increasing in value a hundred dollars a year for a dozen years; and beginning at sixteen, she would at twenty-eight be the mother of a brood worth $7,800, and be good for the like more than twelve years ahead. In such ways negro stock may be multiplied and increased in value to an unlimited extent, amply sufficient for home use and for settling new States, all the while augmenting the wealth, credit and happiness of a Southern Paradise. S. A.

Boston, Mass., July, 1859.

PERSONAL.

John G. Whittier is the chosen Poet of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College for 1860. J. G. Holland, author of "Bitter-Sweet," is his substitute.

A foreign correspondent of a Boston journal says that the Hon. Charles Sumner intends to return to America early in November.

Mrs. Margaret Fuller, mother of the Countess d'Ossoli, died at Wayland, Mass., on Sunday evening, aged 70 years. She was a woman of rare excellence of mind and heart.

Mr. Thomas McElrath has withdrawn from *The Century* newspaper, of which Mr. James S. Gibbons, its editor, has become the principal if not the sole proprietor. Mr. Thomas L. McElrath succeeds his father as publisher.

Miss Florence Nightingale is so extremely ill that the worst results are apprehended. Her strength is diminishing sadly. She has been moved from Highgate to London, but is now confined to her room.

Mr. Raymond writes from Paris to *The Times* on the 14th of July: "Theodore Parker has gone to Switzerland and Mr. Sumner to England. Gov. Seward is in Russia. Mr. Bigelow of *The Evening Post* starts to-day for Switzerland and Germany, with his family."

The Hon. Richard Rush, the eminent politician, son of the late Dr. Benjamin Rush, died in Philadelphia on Saturday last, aged 79 years. The pro-slavery wickedness of the Democratic party was not sufficient to detach him from its support.

Susan B. Anthony, writing from Albany, August 1st, says: "Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell preached for Mr. Mayo last evening to a packed house, and gave a capital sermon, from the text, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.'"

Bayard Taylor went out to California in the steamer of the 5th, under engagement with the San Francisco Mercantile Library Society to deliver four lectures in the metropolis of the Pacific. He will be absent about three months, and will probably lecture in Sacramento and the principal towns in the mining region.

We have a letter from George Thompson, Esq., dated London, July 15, in which he says: "The weakness of my hand obliges me to substitute the pencil for the pen; though barely convalescent, my state now, as compared with what it was twelve months ago, makes me regard my restoration as almost miraculous."

The Hon. Gerrit Smith, upon reading the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles's late letter in regard to his resumption of his marital relations with his wife, immediately wrote, says *The Oswego Times*, that gentleman a letter approving the condonation of his wife's offence, and inviting him and his wife to visit Peterboro'.

Dr. Winterbottom, the father of the medical profession in England, his name being first in the new Medical Register, died at Westoe, near South Shields, July 8, in the 95th year of his age. Dr. Winterbottom was also probably the oldest anti-slavery advocate alive, having been connected with the great movement for the emancipation of the African race from bondage from early life.

Rev. Beriah Green, of Whitesboro', N. Y., one of the most zealous workers and ablest thinkers in the land, proposes publishing a volume of his own writings, made up of sermons and addresses, principally sermons. It will be somewhat biographical, will contain 500 pages 12mo., and will be published by subscriptions at $1.35, to be paid on delivery of the book. People desiring the work can procure it by sending their names to the author at Whitesboro', Oneida Co., N. Y. We doubt not it will be an interesting volume.

The poet at the recent gathering of the Alumni of Hamilton College was William Wirt Howe, a lawyer of this city, author of the "Pasha Papers," lately published in *The Evening Post*. Poems delivered on such occasions are often satires upon reform and reformers, but Mr. Howe seems to have employed his wit against the follies of a blind conservatism. Here is one of his personal sketches:

"A wealthy nature, various, as befits
A real genius, full of opposites;
An eye severe—a boyish, mobile face;
A homely manner—yet of genuine grace;
A heart of purity—yet no ascetic;
In reason firm—in fancy all erratic;
Saxon in conscience—yet of Gallic cheer;
At once a Roundhead and a Cavalier;
Imaginative—loyal yet to truth;
Mature in manhood—though in heart a youth;
In purpose earnest—yet in humor quaint;
In mirth a Momus—yet in soul a saint."
* * * * * * *

"He is a good hater—in a righteous way
Hates with a will the falsehood of to-day.
He does not backward launch his diatribes
Merely against the Pharisees and Scribes;
He does not choose to gratify the devil
By vaguely aiming at historic evil—
But swiftly shoots his surging shafts of power
Against the *sins* that desecrate the hour;
The lying tongue, parent of dark distrust,
The itching palm, the languid eye of lust,
The fat hypocrisies agape with greed,
The cruel smoothness of a frozen creed,
The smug deceit which plays a parrot's part
With language of the tongue, not of the heart,
Which says its catechism, got by rote,
Then grasps a starving debtor by the throat,
Which from the Bible justifies oppression
With precedents of synod and of session,
Which prays in robes of righteousness on Sunday
And works in Satan's livery on Monday,
And makes amends for false and selfish ease
By hiring pews and hunting heresies.

"Yet he is kind—within the spacious cells
Of his great heart a living Savior dwells,
And through his being living currents move
Repaid and quickened by divinest love.
He loves the beauty of the world around,
Of earth, and sea, and air, of sight and sound,
The mystic melody of Nature's lute,
The upturned eyes of flowers, the flush of fruit,
The blessed beams of kindliness and mirth
Like rainbows bending o'er a hopeful earth;
He loves the world of human life within,
And 'sees the good in everything save sin';
He loves the prodigals who wayward roam,
And kindly calls them to their Father's home;
He gently sprinkles on their dusty road
The exceeding sweetness of the love of God;
Then strives to train them up, as best he can,
Unto the stature of the Perfect Man,
That each may stand, in filial fealty, free
With the great gift of Christian Liberty.

"—Free to receive and quite as free to give,
Reverent in thought, yet not afraid to live;
Quick, like his Lord, with knotted cords to chase
The money-changers from the Holy Place,
Yet in his wisdom harmless as the dove—
Because inspired by the Master's love—
This poet, thinker, worker, teacher, preacher—
You guess the rhyme—who can it be but Beecher?"

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD,
Ninth Mo. 3d, 1859.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S FIFTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS: The other day, I was in West Chester, and, before I was conscious of it, Eva and Jennie, two little pets of mine, had their arms around my neck, and the one that lisps said, "Oh, Uncle Joseph, when *'ith* thee going to have the Children's meeting?" The same day, William Everhart said we might have his grove. I don't mean that he offered to deed it to us, but just to let us take peaceable possession for one day. In an hour after, I met Prof. Culver, and he said, "Friend Dugdale, the children are asking me when your meeting is to come off again? We shall turn out *twice* as many as we did last year"! Well, all this happening in one hour, just as a wind will sometimes blow down a peck of chestnuts, made my heart feel a little warmer than common; so I started home, and, the next morning, went, with some friends from Philadelphia, over to G. W. Peirce's grand old Park. The place seemed alive with birds. You know all the baby birds of last year are now full-grown, just as many of the boys and girls who attended our first meeting are now setting up to be young men and women. To tell you the truth, I was thinking about our meeting for 1859, when my ears were arrested by such a torrent of warbling that, if it had been water, I am quite sure it would have sprinkled me all over.

Such singing as we shall have when the jubilee comes, and the cry of no slave child shall be heard in our dear cherished land! Some people pretend to understand the language of beasts and birds, and *they* might have interpreted these as saying, "Bring the little ones here again, *here again*, HERE AGAIN; oh, do, *do*, DO." Now, just between ourselves, I thought the horses at the Yearly Meeting had, for want of oats, chewed the rails so badly that perhaps George would feel a little cool about *our* Convention; but I tell you he never looked pleasanter when he was a boy. I hardly had told him what I wanted before he said, "Yes—eh, yes, *certainly!*" Then my mind was made up instanter, that whatever we may do hereafter about the kind offer of friend Everhart, we would hold our *next* Convention at Longwood, on Seventh day the 31 of Ninth month, 1859, commencing precisely at 10 o'clock a. m.

Rise early, in time to see the sun put out the stars. Don't forget our obligation, if we *are* young, to help the little ones who have no way of getting to the meeting. If all the horses were like "old Major," they would work freely, provided they had a good mess of oats and could see the fun. Sort out the baskets and kettles, select the *biggest*, then pile them full; for we are to have a *big* time, and it would almost make me cry if one little barefooted urchin should go empty away. Look out for "Aunt Dinah's" big basket. One of the teachers at Media told me, the other day, they would turn out strong. Lancaster County, and our little sister State of Delaware, have always been represented. There are two more acres to be added to Longwood, and the Park extends over ten acres. After the meeting is over, and we have had our memories jogged about *The Little Pilgrim*, Punctuality, Perseverance, Quarrelling, Quids, and other P's and Q's, and some good songs about *Temperance* and *Freedom*, we will leave the horses at the meeting-house (*for that is our bargain*) and hie off to the Park and spread our lunch under the boughs of the grand old Norways. The old folks will all feel young again! You remember how we magnetized the ministers last year and made them talk like sensible boys. It strikes me we ought this year to invite the *Editors*. But I must hurry: we are packing up for a trip to New Jersey. Did you hear the little folks were going to have a great Convention there to celebrate the first of August—Uncle Joseph to be one of the boys? Though a native-born Pennsylvanian, forty years ago I picked huckleberries over there, played in the sand, swam in the streams and thrashed a boy for calling my little plain coat a name which legitimately belongs to one of the finest fish that swims in the Delaware. I wish you could all read the sweet little book called "*A Kiss for a Blow*," and practise *forgiveness* of injuries in your young life, as taught by the Son of God, who laid his hands on little children and blessed them. By so doing you will avoid many of the bitter repentances and tears which have fallen to the portion of your "Uncle" and friend,

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at West Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 13th inst., BETHULIA HAMBLETON, daughter of Thomas and Alice Eliza Hambleton, of Pennsgrove, aged 22 years.

This sudden removal has thrilled with sorrow the hearts of many surviving friends.

Full of joyous, abounding life, looking upon existence as a great sphere for effort and achievement, she engaged in teaching school as well as in study in West Chester, and at once won her way to the hearts of all around her.

But in the midst of her activity, she was taken with measles, and in a few days, before those about her fully realized the danger, away from her beloved home, the cold hand of Death was laid upon her. She was the first to perceive that the end was near, and, manifesting much care for the comfort of those about her, and saying that she was "happy," she sweetly "fell asleep."

Her remains were interred at Longwood Cemetery, and seldom has the writer been present upon a more impressive occasion. Remarks were made by persons of several different denominations, and life's great purpose of developing and purifying the spirit, and making its pathway through time a track of brightness, and a strength and joy to others, was beautifully enforced.

High hopes have been buried with this bright human flower; but as we sorrow with the sad home circle, we feel the beauty of that faith which can enable the heart to give its loved ones back to God in trust, thankful for the fragrant memory of their virtues and their love, joyful in view of the life which death glorifies, but cannot destroy. P.

July 23d, 1859.

MRS. MARTINEAU'S OBSERVATIONS upon the treacherous conclusion of the War in Italy (see her letter in another column) will command the eager attention and secure, we doubt not, the unanimous concurrence of our readers.

Summary.

The story started by the Cleveland *Democrat*, that sixteen fugitive slaves passed through that city, a few days ago, on their voluntary return to their Southern masters, is contradicted by the *Plaindealer*, another Democratic paper of the same city, as well as by the Republican papers.

AMUSEMENTS DENOUNCED.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has addressed a circular to his clergy, calling upon them, as soon as possible, to pronounce from their pulpits "a strong warning against the opera, the theatre, circus and other amusements of a similar nature, which at the present moment are a real scandal to our city and country districts."

THE SLAVE EXODUS FROM MISSOURI.—The *Occidental Messenger* of Independence, Mo., publishes a comparative statement of the Assessor's books of Jackson County, Mo., in which are situated Independence, Kansas City and Westport, from which it appears that the number of negroes (slaves) in that county has decreased 500 in the past year, which is about 17 per cent.

SERMON ON THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.—The Universalist Convention of Vermont holds its annual meeting at Stowe on August 24th, and on Friday of the same week the members will ascend the great Manchester Mountain, and a sermon will be preached on this highest summit of the Green Mountains.

The Lynchburg *Virginian* says that Captain Keziah Bayless, who was convicted in Petersburg of slave-stealing, and sentenced to forty years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary, died at that institution a few days since, having at that time thirty years to serve. His capture, it will be remembered, created much excitement, and he narrowly escaped lynching when he was landed from the boat which carried him to Petersburg.

The Springfield *Republican* contains an amusing account of Mr. Mason's court introductions at Paris. It is said that on one occasion, last spring, thirty of our countrymen were paraded in at once. Arrayed in court dresses, they stood like servants in livery, in semicircle; the Emperor enters the reception chamber; Mr. Mason bows, flourishes his hand, and says, "My countrymen, your Majesty"; all bow; Emperor nods and turns to some one else; countrymen exeunt!

Rev. John C. Burrows, editor of the *Universalist Herald*, at Montgomery, Ala., laments, bitterly, the death of his slave "Nancy." His sorrow, however, is tempered by the consideration he expresses that she "has entered the climes of glory above." We fear the reverend gentleman has not studied the Dred Scott decision with that care he should have done, as he could not have failed to learn there that that class of people don't go to the climes of glory at all.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat*.

CASSIUS M. CLAY ON THE STUMP IN KENTUCKY.—*Cincinnati, July 30.*—The Hon. Cassius M. Clay addressed a large audience last evening at Covington, Kentucky, on the political topics of the day with regard to the governmental election. He advocated neither side, but denounced both candidates, Bell and Magoffin, as political quacks. His speech was a straightout manifesto, closing with an appeal to the non-slaveholders of Kentucky to make preparations to share next fall in the national triumph of the Republicans. There were no attempts at disturbance during the speech.

PRICES OF SLAVES IN RICHMOND.—In response to the many inquiries made from persons at a distance as to the prices slaves are commanding in this market, we publish the annexed statement, furnished by reliable authority: No. 1 men, 20 to 26 years old, from $1,450 to $1,500; best grown girls, 17 to 20 years old, from $1,275 to $1,325; girls from 15 to 17 years old, $1,150 to $1,250; girls from 12 to 15 years old, $1 000 to $1,100; best plough boys, 17 to 20 years old, $1 350 to $1,425; boys from 15 to 17 years old, $1,250 to $1,375; boys from 12 to 15 years old, $1,100 to $1,200. Likely families, and also boys and girls, command high prices, as there are several gentlemen in the market who are purchasing for their own plantations in the South.—*Richmond Dispatch, July 26th.*

The Savannah (Ga.) *Republican* has all along insisted that the movement in behalf of the slave trade at the South is of little importance, but in a recent number it concedes that the measure is growing upon Southern opinion, and states, in illustration of the fact, that nine-tenths of the delegates in the Democratic Congressional Convention of that District went for the repeal of the laws against the slave trade, while every single aspirant for the nomination declared himself for the revival of the trade. According to *The Republican* there are two classes of the slave trade party, one going for the actual revival of the trade, the other for the repeal of the laws against it, not because they care about the trade, but because those laws are a standing moral condemnation of slavery.

THE SONS OF KOSSUTH.—In the list of students at University College, London, who on Saturday last received prizes at the hand of no less distinguished a personage than the Premier of Great Britain, Lord Palmerston, we find the names of the two sons of the ex-Governor of Hungary. While he is, or is about to be, in the field seeking the independence of his country, his sons have been winning laurels in the more peaceable department of architecture, natural philosophy and astronomy, and civil engineering. It says not a little for these young strangers that, in a competition with upwards of two hundred students, they should have succeeded in gaining so honorable a position, and quite as much credit is due to their sire, that, in all his adversities, he has adhered so religiously to the duty of a parent, and has placed his sons at least on the right road to honorable independence.—*Glasgow Commonwealth.*

WASHINGTON, Monday, July 25, 1859.—From information recently received in this city, it appears that some of the Southern Representatives, while claiming to be opposed to reopening the African slave trade, are pledging themselves to introduce in Congress a bill repealing all the statutes upon the subject; leaving it, as they profess to desire, to the regulation of the several States. But as the Constitution confers on Congress the power to prohibit the trade, and as "death" seems to be regarded as too severe a penalty for violating what some consider merely a law regulating commerce, it is thought that others who are opposed to the slave trade will agree upon a measure, with a view to make the prohibition more effective by the certainty of punishment otherwise than capital. And thus they think that good will result from the present agitation of the question.

AN ENTERPRISING COLORED MAN.—The editor of the Hornellsville (N. Y.) *Journal* has seen a letter from Mr. J. Bennett, a colored barber of that village, who left some weeks since for the coast of Africa, where he intended to engage in farming. The letter is from Liverpool, and states that he had purchased ten cotton gins, and ten bushels of cotton seeds, and intended to sail the next day with his goods, on board the steamship Ethiopia, for Lagos, on the west coast of Africa. Mr. Bennet states that there are now eighteen English stores at Lagos, and the surrounding country is pronounced the best cotton field in the world, and specimens of cotton raised there, lately received in Liverpool, had brought the highest prices of any in the market. Mr. Bennett intends to devote his attention to cotton-growing.

EMIGRATION TO HAYTI.—Respecting the free negro emigration from Louisiana to Hayti, the N. O. *Picayune* says:

"Of the great number of emigrants who left New Orleans, some thirty have returned—many disgusted and discouraged because they had not formed a correct idea of what they were to find there; but others, after surveying the country, and examining what most profitable enterprise could be started there, have come back to purchase machinery, implements, &c., which cannot be had in Hayti, and they are prepared to return, perfectly satisfied with the prospect, and confident of success. So far as white men are concerned, we do not believe that the Haytians desire a large white immigration, though they would welcome useful men, who, whilst building up their own fortunes, would do good to the country by the introduction of practical arts and science. Anyhow, we are assured by those connected with the government that the whites enjoy full security under the protection of the laws."

SUNDAY LAWS.—The stoppage of the cars upon the city railroads of Philadelphia, by the enforcement of an ancient law, has created an intense excitement in Philadelphia. A large meeting of citizens opposed to the measure, as an infraction of the rights of the people, was held in Independence Square on Saturday evening last. Among the speakers on the occasion were Josiah Bond and Thomas McClintock (the latter formerly of Waterloo in this State, but more recently of Easton, Pa.)—both Quakers by birth, and now active members of the religious society of Progressive Friends. The speech of friend Bond appears to have given much satisfaction to those who deny that "the Sabbath" is a Christian institution.

ANECDOTE OF GOVERNOR SEWARD.—Cozzens, in his last *Wine Press* tells an old story, which, he says, few persons have not heard. When Governor of New York, Seward in those pre-railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and, accordingly, mounted upon the box of the mail coach, in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passenger humored him.

"Land agent?" said the driver.
"No," quoth Seward.
"Selling goods?"
"No."
"Travelling preacher?"
"No."
"Circus?"
"No."
"What then?" said the baffled driver, "what is your business?"
"Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff.
"Governor o' what?"
"Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger with composure.
"Get eout!"
"Well, I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man on the road with whom I am acquainted," and, as the stage passed by, he saluted him. "Good morning, Mr. Bunker, I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?"
"No, by thunder!" was Bunker's unexpected answer.
"Who is, then?" said the startled smoker.
"Thurlow Weed!"

MURDEROUS OUTRAGE.—A correspondent of the Louisville *Journal*, writing from Princeton in that State, gives the following particulars of an outrage which recently occurred there:

"One of the most atrocious and inhuman acts of cruelty was committed in this county, on Sunday last, that was ever perpetrated in civilized society. Some time since there was an assassination committed about ten miles north of this place, supposed to have been done by a slave of Jesse Williams, at the instigation of said Williams. Although, in the examining Court, the fact was not fully proved, two other slaves of Williams said that the accused slave did commit the murder, and that at the instigation of Jesse Williams, and that they would report the matter to the friends of the deceased, whereupon Jesse Williams and his son James arrested the two boys, took them to a newly-coltered field, bound their legs together, hitched them by a singletree to a mule, and dragged them for several hours over the field, and then left them lifeless; but, afterwards recovering, one of them wandered off two or three miles, and was found this morning by some of the citizens of this place, much mangled and bruised. It was thought he would not have arisen unless by assistance. His recovery is thought doubtful. The other boy has not been found, and he is supposed to be dead. The people are much agitated upon the matter, and there is every symptom of a furious mob, as the people are thoroughly convinced of the inefficiency of law to reach the family. Within the last ten years they have been prosecuted for every crime and misdemeanor, from murder to hog-stealing. It is to be desired that the people will give the law another chance to vindicate itself."

GREELEY'S OLD HAT AT DENVER CITY.—The world has heard something of Horace Greeley's old hat, the everlasting companion of "the old white coat" and the "blue cotton umbrella." There is a tradition that Greeley does not change his garments, but there is reason to believe this to be a mistake. We actually saw him, some years since, wearing a sleek new black hat, and coat to correspond. But a great portion of the "populace" have not been enlightened to this extent. They think the same old hat and coat adorn the person of the white-coated philosopher forever and ever. A gentleman, direct from Denver City, informs us that intense surprise was manifested among the miners in that region upon finding in Mr. Greeley's cabin, after he had set forth to meet his friend Brigham at Salt Lake, a dingy, weather-beaten, caved-in old hat which had seen severe service over the flaxen hairs of Horace. It immediately became a curiosity, a relic of rare value. It was the great original "Greeley's old hat." The keeper of the nearest bar, the one from which Horace made a speech against intemperance, procured the article and hung it up over the shelf holding his decanters, and, terrible to relate, at latest advices, every man who takes a drink at that establishment is obliged to put on the hat and walk around the room, before he is allowed to have his bitters, which must be taken while the drinker stands under the venerable tile. The relic had also figured on a pole at an Indian war-dance, the imaginative aborigines presuming they had the scalp, or something equivalent to it, of the great chief of the New York *Tribune*. The bar where the precious relic of departed greatness is preserved to preside over the "drinks" is known as "Greeley's Hat." "To what base uses," &c. Why may we not find the dust of Alexander stopping a bung-hole, or imperial Cæsar in his last analysis chinking a cabin?—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"A GIRL PRINTER.—A Cincinnati paper states that a few years ago, an orphan girl applied and was admitted to set type for that paper. She worked two years, during which time she earned, besides her expenses, about two hundred dollars, and, availing herself of the facilities which the printing-office offered, acquired a good education. She is now an associate editress of a paper, and engaged to be married to one of the smartest lawyers in Ohio. We should be disinclined to credit the above if we did not have so many evidences of the elevating influence of the printing-office."—*Exchange.*

We knew a "girl printer," who, after working as a compositor in the States of New York and Ohio, came to Philadelphia, and pursued the same business for a time; afterwards she graduated at and became a teacher in a Commercial College, and finally married and settled down in a position which excites the envy of just such persons as a few years ago disdained to associate with a "printer girl," who worked for her own independent living. Girls who can print well have brains and are appreciated by sensible people, while those who despise them for honorable labor have no use for any great quantity of common sense and do not possess it. We might mention another case of "well settled" printer girls, in Philadelphia, for the encouragement of girls who are willing to do something.—*Chester Co. (Pa.) Times.*

DELAWARE BOYS AND SLAVERY.—We know of nothing that pleases us more than to meet young Delawareans who have left the State in boyhood, and who at this season of the year return to visit their families and friends. Many such are now in our community. Generally they are young men of enterprise, intelligence and of views enlarged by travel and experience. Whatever may have been their education, prejudices or surroundings at home, they come back to us uncompromising anti-slavery men. Says one to us, "Why don't the people of Delaware abolish slavery, remodel their public school system, abolish capital punishment, invite immigration into the State, and make the State a home for the intelligent and enterprising freeman?" "It pleases me," says another, grasping our hand, "to find you here advocating measures against a vitiated public sentiment, which the people of Delaware will at some early day comprehend the importance of, and it pleases me much more to find that the people of this section of the State begin to see what a demoralizing and ruinous incubus human slavery is." So speak the boys who have imbibed the noble enthusiasm of the North and West.

The boys at home are also our witnesses. An ignoramus who has spent his life on the street, and can talk fluently of a crack dog or a fast horse, of course entertains the sentiments of the jockey and the negro-trader; but find the noble boy in our community who reads, and is familiar with the history of his country, and who has the capacity to comprehend the great political questions of the day, and we will show you an anti-slavery boy. We know the boys, and we hear them talk, and nobler sentiments never escape their lips than when they express their disgust and horror of human slavery. We have yet to know the intelligent, well-informed Delaware boy capable of forming an honest opinion, who is not thoroughly anti-slavery in his sentiments. Delaware has much to expect from her boys.—*Milford (Del.) News.*

JUSTICE IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A correspondent of the New-Haven *Reporter* gives an inside view of the administration of justice in the "Old North State." He says: On a beautiful May morning I strolled into the temple where the goddess of the sword and scales, with bandaged eyes, is supposed to preside. In one of the passages I encountered the high sheriff of the county, carrying a tinker's furnace in one hand, and what seemed to me a soldering iron in the other. On inquiring whose "gude wife's" pans he was going to mend, he informed me that he was about to brand a man who had just been convicted of bigamy. A curiosity, of which I was ashamed of, but could not resist, led me into the court-room. I found it crowded. In a few minutes the judge entered, and, taking his seat on the Bench, with his hat on (judges here sit covered), ordered the crier to open the court. That important functionary then stepped to an open window, put out his head, "O. yes"-ed three times, and the "honorable, the Supreme Court" was opened in due form. The prisoner was then brought in by the sheriff and an assistant—whereupon his counsel moved for a new trial, on the ground that the defendant had been unable to procure the attendance of all his witnesses. His honor inquired if he could give the requisite security. On being answered in the negative, "then," said his Honor, "let the sentence of the Court be executed forthwith." The sheriff and his deputy then blindfolded the prisoner, tied his hands, and bound his head firmly to the bar. Taking the branding iron from the furnace, the sheriff applied it red-hot to the right cheek of the bigamist, burning a plain letter B, an inch and a half long, and nearly half an inch deep. The prisoner was remanded to jail, where his head and hands were introduced into a pillory, and "forty stripes save one" were applied to his bare back, after which he was discharged. Every jail in North Carolina is provided with a whipping-post, stocks and pillory. Murder, rape, arson, burglary, and all the higher crimes and misdemeanors, are punished with death; manslaughter by branding the letter M in the right hand. The convict's hand is bound to the bar, and the branding iron held upon the palm until he can say "God save the State" three times; theft and minor offences by whipping, keeping in the pillory, or sitting in the stocks.

PIOUS SWINDLERS.—A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, writing from Milwaukee, says:

"But there is another field in which, if possible, the generosity of eastern churches has been even more egregiously taxed and betrayed: 'Seminaries of learning' for the West. The appeals that have been made in this name are legion. Private fortunes have been coined to individuals out of the consecrated collections of New England congregations. It was only necessary for some solemn-visaged personage, whose title of 'Rev.' had spoiled a tin peddler, to fix his eyes upon some growing western city as an inevitably good site for a school, and he goes at work with a couple of sermons in his valise to build a 'school for the prophets,' a 'seminary of sound learning' (tone nasal and all the vowels very long). The man and his sermons go the rounds of your country parishes, he visits your Christian bankers and merchants and 'forehanded' farmers; a seamstress or a widow, with the tear of sympathy glistening on her eyes, drops in her half dollar here, and there the collector chuckles over crisp bank notes of the higher denominations. Months pass, years pass perhaps, and the school is at last built. In some instances an elegant and costly structure goes up, a corps of teachers are enrolled, scholars come in, the work is a success; or if incomplete, 'Oliver asks for more,' and an agent goes over the ground to say that just a few thousands more will secure the seminary to the Church forever, or it will become a Roman Catholic nunnery. Perhaps in the nick of time some Christian goes to his or her reward, and leaves a sterling bequest. The school is paid for, and that with consecrated funds. It is a sacred trust, warm with the prayers of New England Christians, when suddenly the *Rev.* founder *sells out the whole as his private property*, and pockets the proceeds. If he follows the example of an industrious Ohio gentleman, he goes to work at another 'school for the *profits*,' and this through a series of five or more.

"I do not exaggerate. I can point you to schools and private institutions of learning in the West to the number of a score that have been thus built by church charity, and then sold for private benefit. One for $80 000, one for 40 000, another for 25 000. One enterprising operator in this description of charity has amassed a comfortable fortune, for a clergyman, of nearly a quarter of a million."

[THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD believes that not the eastern popular churches only, but even radical reformers, have been swindled in the way above described.]

TWENTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY

SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY,

IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON,
1860.

IN a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, everywhere, in the South as at the North—in Europe as in America—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labor light, and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise, by its indispensable necessity, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles, to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer, till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economize our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve and generous coöperation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH P. REMOND,	ELIZA ANDREW.

☞ Editors of journals friendly to the cause are, for its sake, earnestly entreated to oblige us by giving the above invitation an insertion; and our friends everywhere will confer the greatest favor on us, and a benefit to the cause and the country, by bringing it to the notice of the friends of Freedom.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Receipts for The Standard, from July 1st to August 1st.

988	Joseph Pierce, Pleasantville,	New York	$2 00
990	Josiah Wheeler, Frewsburgh,	"	2 00
1040	V. P. Slocum, Middle Granville,	"	2 00
1016	Maria Hull, Harts' Village,	"	2 00
1005	A. Brownson, Reynoldsville,	"	2 00
996	Walter Farrington, Milton,	"	3 00
1031	Geo. F. Hussey, Peekskill,	"	2 00
1043	Shotwell Powell, Naples,	"	5 00
1049	Geo. H. Haven, Moriah,	"	3 00
1092	Hon. Gerrit Smith, Peterboro',	"	4 00
1023	Wm. R. Hallowell, Rochester,	"	4 00
1027	R. Woodward, Albany,	"	2 00
1023	Mrs. Geo. Ames, Oswego,	"	4 00
1041	Henry W. Smith, New York City,	"	2 00
1040	W. H. Woodbury, "	"	2 00
1053	S. Lasar, "	"	2 00
1026	John V. Sears, "	"	2 00
1047	Hugh Gardner, "	"	2 00
1044	Theophilus Brown, Worcester, Mass. (omitted last month),		2 00
	Wendell Phillips, Boston (14 copies),	Mass.,	28 00
1025	Solomon Andrew, Essex,	"	1 00
994	E. B. Adams, Lowell,	"	35
1047	Miss L. Osgood, Medford,	"	2 00
1015	Bailey Birge, Northampton,	"	1 00
994	Margaret Blake, Groton,	"	33
1020	David Porter, Shirley Village,	"	1 00
1020	Josiah Rugg, Leominster,	"	1 00
1020	Samuel W. Richards, Boston,	"	75
1040	Mrs. E. G. Loring, "	"	18 00
1040	Dr. S. G. Howe, Boston,	"	4 00
1040	Charles A. Wheelock, Uxbridge,	"	4 00
1043	Samuel Hull, Grafton Centre,	"	4 00
930	Isaac Stearns, Mansfield,	"	2 00
999	Mrs. E. Draper, Cambridgeport,	"	16
962	W. Tappan, Bradford, New Hampshire,		1 00
1000	Abby Walker, Great Falls, N. H.,		4 00
1036	H. A. Parmenter, Newport, R. I.,		2 00
1001	Thomas L. Lincoln, Dennisville, Me.,		2 00
1023	C. Henry Eastman, San Francisco, Cal.,		2 50
1040	Hamilton Hill, Oberlin, O.,		4 00
988	Diana Tigheman, Hightstown, N. J.,		2 00
	Donation.		
	Friends in Cazenovia, by Mary Springstead,		5 00

Special Notices.

☞ CLARKSON CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—A meeting in commemoration of the labors of THOMAS CLARKSON in the great work of Emancipation will be held in FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE GROVE, Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., SATURDAY and SUNDAY, Aug. 27th and 28th, 1859.

Parker Pillsbury, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, Leonard Gibbs, Susan B. Anthony and others will address the meeting.

Sessions at 11 a. m., and 2 p. m., of each day.

There will be a short recess for refreshments in the Grove.

Let there be a grand gathering of the friends of the slave.

☞ Should the weather prove unfavorable the meeting will be held in the meeting-house.

☞ ANNIVERSARY NOTICE.—The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in ALLIANCE, Stark, Co., Ohio, commencing on Saturday, the 3d of September, at 10½ o'clock, a. m., and will probably continue three days.

Every year of our warfare presents, in the renewed aggressions of the Slave Power, new motives for persistent, faithful anti-slavery action. The North is beginning to realize how unchangeably true it is that they who enslave others, or who aid in their enslavement, will have the cup returned to them which they have given the bondman to drink. Especially is this now true of Ohio, whose citizens have been imprisoned for performing deeds of humanity, whose State Sovereignty has been trampled into the dust, and whose Supreme Court has been shown to be an ally of that power which is striving to crush out the life-blood of Freedom everywhere.

Earnestly, then, and cordially we invite the true friends of the slave to assemble with us at our anniversary for counsel and labor. Let us come together in the name of Liberty, and, by our words and deeds, so strive to exalt man above institutions, humanity above creeds, that the slave's cause will receive a new impetus at our hands.

Beside our home speakers, PARKER PILLSBURY is expected to be present, and perhaps other friends from the East.

BENJ. S. JONES, Recording Secretary.

PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.—Proceedings of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting for 1859 for sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 15 cents. Persons sending 6 3ct. stamps to Oliver Johnson, 5 Beekman street, New York, will receive a copy post-paid.

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY FATHER.

Who knows but the beings that bound us
With tenderest ties to this world
The [illegible] round us
With their cherub-like pinions unfurled.

When opes the cheerful eye of day,
Along [illegible] upon my way
And [illegible] deep drink,
And sally forth, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Upon our [illegible]
[illegible]
As I was [illegible]
Where [illegible] ys.
In those sweet [illegible] hours,
What [illegible]
While, talking [illegible]
Beyond [illegible]
We spoke [illegible] where we
Should learn [illegible] mystery,
And meet again [illegible] shore,
Each other, and [illegible] gone before."
I follow Mem'ry's [illegible] way,
Back to still earlier moments stray,
And live my [illegible] tears,
And seem an [illegible] years.
Thy child remembers when we stood
By grand old castle cliff and flood,
And when the vast Cathedral pile*
We enter'd by the long, dark aisle
At evening, while the color'd light
Fell from the gorgeous window's height:
And thou her little footsteps led
Where pilgrim knees of old ('tis said)
Have left recordings of their own,
Upon the gray insensate stone.
She treads again the garden way
Where her *first* little flow'r-bed lay;
The primrose-bank again she sees,
Its gentle scent is on the breeze,
The drooping bluebells hang their head,
The daisied meadow is outspread,
Till rushes back Life's real *Now*,
Then, where am I—and where art *thou*?
Ah! seest thou my good or ill?
And seekest thou to bless me still?

What didst thou leave me, Father dear?
Earth's honors? gauds and greatness here?
Oh no! but I *did* learn from thee
The greatness of Eternity.
Early thou taughtest me to look
Observingly on Nature's book:
Thou taughtest me that all was nought
Save the high gifts of soul and thought:
Thou taughtest (little understood!)
That *Virtue* is Life's crowning good,
From Nature's stores thy spirit drew
Thoughts—hopes—refreshments—ever new:
Creation all, each sentient thing,
For thee with joy was blossoming:
A childlike innocence of heart,
Too poor to act the worldling's part,
That could not plan for earthly pelf,
Nor cater cunningly for self,
These, these were thine: and, better still,
The soul that yields to God's its will.
The veil which covers from our sight
Life's future in abyss of night,
Thy trustful soul could ever see
As woven by Benignity.
Oh! I have seen thee sorely tried,
Yet learn'd Faith's lesson at thy side.
On *thee* no doubt did e'er intrude
That God—*thy* God—was ever good:
From *thee* no murm'ring accent fell;
Thou saidst—"He doeth all things well!"

My Father! 'tis thy natal day;
When gift and flower I us'd to lay
Within thy hand, 'mid smile and tear,
Thy loving, widow'd heart to cheer.
And still this day thy child would make
Sacred forever, for thy sake:
To thee *this* little gift she brings,
On thy low grave *this* flower she flings;
Take it, dear Father!—let it be
A link, ev'n now, 'twixt me and thee.

Salem, New Jersey, June 29, 1859. A. W. M.

*Canterbury Cathedral.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. II.

The next morning, Madge rose refreshed, and went out, as usual, for her morning walk upon the lawn, where she met Rover. "Come, old playfellow," she cried; "come, now, off and away for a scamper"; and she and the dog started for an animated foot race. They ran up and down and around the lawn. Madge's hat fell from her head and swung upon her shoulders, while the brown curls blew and sported about in the cool morning breeze.

"Now, sir, come off—let us take a race through the quarter"; and they started off in the direction of the cabins.

As this bright young creature came bounding by, in the excitement of a morning romp, her white dress floating in the wind, the blue ribbons of her hat streaming out, and her curls fluttering, she presented a strange contrast to the odd-looking figures grouped about "the yard." The slaves gazed at her with undisguised admiration. "Ain't she pretty?" "Looks fur all de world like de angel of de Lord"; "She's de heavenly lamb." Such were the plaudits which were shouted forth as she passed.

"Her's jist as wild as a fawn."

"An' jist as full of romp as dat ar' young colt in de stable; her's allers gwine, never still a minit," said an old gray negro, who sat smoking a pipe in front of his little cabin. "Puts me in mind of dem shiny spirits I sometimes sees when I has de fever, an' shuts my eyes, an' seems to go off to heaven like."

These words were addressed to his old wife, who stood in the doorway of the cabin.

"Now, Peter, you allers talks dat ar' way 'bout Miss Madge, but afore goodness I does t'ink long'r missus dat 'twould be a sight better if Miss Madge didn't romp 'bout an' tear round so. 'Pears to me she ain't nuff of lady for one raised into her sarcumstances."

"Now, you jist hush long'r yer pride, Poll; Miss Madge knows what her's about. Now, fur all she tears 'bout so, play long her dog, I notices she never talks long'r poor whites. She jist holds her head as high as missus when any trash comes 'long."

"She daresn't look at any of 'em sort, for missus take de very skin offer her if she was to."

"Well, now, Poll, I am agwine to tell you 'bout de time when mas'er was little boy. You know, Poll, you didn't allers 'long to the Vartners; you isn't one of de ole stock." Peter uttered this with an air of conscious superiority, which the better-born, the self-elected class always assume toward the humbler.

"What's you allers a tellin' me that for, Pete? I doesn't care if I was one of de bought ones; I'se lived long nuff in dis family to have de right to be considered one of um."

"No, no, Poll, you's a good' ooman, an' my wife, but it doesn't make you one of de ole stock for all dat." He took the pipe from his mouth, looked kindly, condescendingly at his wife, reseated himself upon the stool, and smiled a self-conscious smile of Brahminical satisfaction.

"Good morning, Uncle Peter and Aunt Polly; why, how sleepy and dumpsy you look," cried a young, gay voice; and Madge Vertner stood in front of them.

"Good mornin', Miss Madge," exclaimed the two old negroes, and Uncle Peter rose, dashed his pipe away, and remained standing in the presence of his young mistress.

"Sit down, Uncle Peter," said Madge.

"No, please, missy, not when you is 'bout."

"Sit down I say," repeated Madge, and Uncle Peter, with a politeness something akin to that of the Earl De Stair, obeyed the command of majesty.

"Aunt Polly, you look cross; has he" (pointing to Uncle Peter) "been scolding you?"

"Bless yer Miss Madge, Peter's allers a hurtin' of my feelin's and throwin' up to me dat I am not one of de reg'lar family sarvants—dat I come 'long wid a bought lot. Now, I'se [illegible] a good bit of time in dis family—plenty long [illegible] um to quit dat sort of talk.'

"I think so, too, Aunt Polly and if he married you, he ought not to trouble you [illegible] this way. Why, Uncle [illegible] isn't she?"

[illegible] 'longed to the Vartners, an' dar wan't no better breed saved from de ark dan de Vartners."

Madge smiled, her eyes sparkled queenly, and a flash of red stained her cheek and brow. The blood of the Vertners acknowledged the compliment of the veteran slave.

"But, Uncle Peter, hasn't she been living in the family long enough to become one of them? Why, we have a good number of servants, papa says, who do not belong to the original stock."

"'Tain't no use a-talkin' 'bout it, young missy, kase yer kant make a body of de ole family stock. They's got to be born to it."

Madge smiled, and did not seek further to convince him. Perhaps she believed his doctrine sound, at least when applied to people of a different complexion from herself.

"Oh, laws, Uncle Pete, has you hearn the news?" cried a hearty-looking negro girl, as she rushed up, half breathless, to the cabin; "beg pardon, Miss Madge, didn't see you at fust"; and she dropped an odd, graceless, but polite curtsy to the young mistress.

"What's the matter, Ruth?"

"Laws, Miss Madge, some of our folks has done run 'way last night—orful."

"Who?" inquired Madge, without any effort to seem surprised.

"It's orful mean of um to run way—I wouldn't do sich a thing" (she was then debating in her mind the safest method of escape). "Hopes they'll be kotched. They desarves to be even sold to de rice-fields, too—hope mas'er won't let 'em stay here."

The old negro man slowly, steadily eyed the speaker, then took another whiff of his pipe, and, as the girl began another harangue, said:

"Hush, Ruth, yer says a sight more 'an yer believes."

"Laws, Uncle Peter, I doesn't, 'pon my soul I doesn't."

"Off now, Ruth, an' don't be swarin' in front of my cabin. I tells you yer has mighty little soul to swar by."

Our heroine had watched Uncle Peter's face closely during this conversation. She had read but few books, and had never known society or life in cities; she turned away from poetry, romance, and social pleasure; but a human face, in the rough, was a book full of interest to her. This one of the old negro's, however, puzzled her. There was an untranslatable *something* in his manner that went home to her, but his countenance was moveless and heavy.

Aunt Polly joined in with Ruth in strong denunciation of "the on-grateful niggers that left the most *splendidest* of homes." Madge and Uncle Peter alone expressed no contempt. The blowing of the horn broke off the talk, and Ruth and Aunt Polly were obliged to hasten to their daily labor. Uncle Peter, being a very old family servant and a great sufferer from rheumatism, was placed, by the kindness of his master, on the "free list"; so he sat smoking his pipe while the other slaves went to work.

Madge listened. "Uncle Peter!"—she spoke slowly and with more than her wonted caution—"is it easy to catch runaways? If they had five hours' start, don't you think they might have the best of the race?"

There was something in the tone of her voice which surprised the old negro. He threw down his pipe, picked it up again, eyed her with an inquisitive regard, but said nothing. The question was repeated—this time with increased interest.

"I doesn't know nothin' 'tall 'bout it, missy, but I 'spect they's putty sartin to be kotch."

Madge still listened, but did not continue the conversation; then, whistling to Rover, she bounded on, apparently as free, careless and light-thoughted as ever.

Passing the front of the mansion, she saw her mother upon the verandah, pulling honeysuckles. "Good morning, mamma; how soon you are up! Isn't it nice to snuff this fine air? and those coral honeysuckles, how sweet they are!—throw me one."

"Madge, dear, how long have you been up, and where have you been racing?"

"All round the lawn and through the quarter. I feel so strong and well, mamma, I do believe you would be better if you rose as early as I do." And the girl seated herself on the step of the verandah, close to the place where her mother was standing. Laying aside her hat, she leaned her head against a column, and rested it amid the honey suckle vines, until the sweet scented coral blossoms mingled with her curls and played over her soft face.

"What a sweet pillow of flowers, and how delicious is this air! Oh, mother, I feel better in the early morning—isn't it splendid?"

"I think it's nice for a morning nap."

"Why, mamma, I couldn't sleep after the sun was up; it seems a shame to waste such hours."

"They are not wasted, dear, in healthful sleep; besides, you are younger than I am, and go to bed much earlier, so you can afford to get up earlier."

"Yes, but I sat up very late last night, yet I am up at the usual hour this morning."

"And pray, dear, what kept you up last night?"

"I was reading *that* book." A change came over the girl's face.

"Oh, 'Never too late to mend.' How much did you read?"

"I finished the first volume."

"Didn't you like it?"

"'Tis dreadful—don't speak to me of it. I had forgotten it in this beautiful time, but now it comes over me, and I get sick."

"Oh, well, we will not talk of it. You must not think too keenly of it—'twas only a romance."

"But it *might* be true. Ah, there's papa"; and she bounded down the lawn to meet Col. Vertner.

This person, who is designed to be an important character in our story, merits a somewhat minute description. Imagine, then, a tall, athletic man—square, heavy shoulders, prominent chest, face full of fixed determination, with strong Roman features, an inflexible mouth, dark, bluish-gray eyes, quick and concentrated in glance—broad brow, over which a few sparse iron-gray locks floated—and you have a sketch of Col. Vertner.

"Good morning, daughter"; and he wound his arm round the waist of Madge. "Well, Rover, you are always with your pretty mistress"; and he stooped to pat the friendly dog, who had been licking his hand. To see a man thus warmly caressed by a young, affectionate girl, and his hand licked by a faithful dog, we should conclude that he was a person of tender and gentle nature; but women sometimes love (with household affection) the rudest and sternest creatures, and dogs are not always sagacious of their master's faults.

"Isn't it a splendid morning, papa?"

"Yes, dear, but the summer is wearing on, and I have not yet taken you on a pleasure jaunt. Where would you like to go?—to the Springs?"

"Oh, no, papa; it's too gay and stupid!"

"Why, what a paradox! Gay and stupid!"

"It don't make any difference what kind of a dox—it is true."

"Ah, well, I don't mean to take you to the Springs; but how would you like a trip to the Cave?"

"*The Mammoth Cave?* Oh, delightful! Shall we go?"

"Yes, if you wish it; but what will your mamma say?"

Madge hesitated a moment.

"Oh, I suppose she'll not like to go there. I am sure she will prefer the Springs, but papa—"

"Well, say it out, dear."

"I cannot go to D—— or E—— Springs. I should suffocate there. I don't dance, don't like company, and why should *I* go to the Springs?"

"Your mamma says it's time you were introduced to society. Why, child, you are sixteen; after awhile you'll be wanting a beau."

"A what, papa?" Madge looked quizzical.

"A lover, dear."

"Oh, I've plenty of them."

"Have you? who and where are they?"

"You, Rover, my birds, my pony, and the little squirrel I am trying to tame."

"But there is another sort to come."

"Well, let him come. *I* shan't seek him; and when he arrives, I'll let him see that I am no game."

"But, Madgy, all young ladies have beaux."

"I am no young lady, papa—only your wild, romping Madge. Please don't talk to me about things I can't understand."

"I won't, and, to say the truth, I am glad to have you feel thus. There's your poor cousin Mary, who was married the year she quitted school, and a wretched life she has had."

By this time they had reached the verandah. Mrs. Vertner stepped out in front, holding a bunch of honeysuckles and roses in her hand.

"How pretty!" cried Madge; "give it to me, mother."

"How selfish, child! You always take the flowers, as though you had exclusive right."

"And I feel so, mother. I never scruple to pull a flower, no matter where I see it growing, and no matter who has planted it."

"But, my dear," exclaimed her father, "you would not rob a neighbor's garden."

"Not *rob* his garden, father; but I would pull his flowers without his leave, and never think I had robbed. Flowers seem to naturally belong to me. I plucked those exquisite dahlias and tube-roses of Mrs. Goodbill's, the other day, and I afterwards heard that she was much distressed."

"Why, Madge, this is theft, injustice, which I did not expect from you. Mrs. Goodbill is so fond of flowers! She planted them herself, and surely is entitled to the work of her own hands. I am sorry for this."

Col. Vertner looked really hurt, but Madge shook her head distrustingly.

As the family party were about entering the breakfast-room, which opened on the verandah, a stout negro man came round the angle of the building, and approached Col. Vertner. Taking off his hat, he halted, as if expecting permission to speak.

"Well, Alec, what is it?" asked Col. Vertner.

[illegible] the hands to work, and, as I counted um over, there was two a missin'."

"Did you examine the cabins? have they been well hunted?"

"Yes, sar, I sarched well 'fore comin' to you."

"D—n it, this is ugly business. Excuse me, my dear! I'd forgot you were present," he added, as he turned to his wife.

Alec remained standing, holding his slouched hat and playing with its torn rim. At length he said, as his eyes were fixed upon the ground—

"I am sorry for this, master—it's the fust thing of the sort that's happen sense I was 'pointed overseer."

"Well, Alec, I don't blame you, for you are a faithful servant; but we must not idle now. Saddle the horse, ride hard to the village, and get Tom Hynes and his men. No, stay—saddle my horse also; I must go in and have these d—d vagabonds (excuse me, my dear) advertised, and see to the engagement of Tom Hynes's men myself. This is a devilish piece of business. Excuse me, my dear. Go, hurry, Alec."

And the negro was off like a streak of lightning, well pleased that his master had not blamed him.

"Now, come, my dear, and take your breakfast, before you start off on this exciting business." And his wife laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"Oh, yes; but, Lucy, I must be quick about it; there is no way of knowing how long these negroes have been off. I must ride into town and have the pursuers off as soon as possible. But, excuse me, my dear, this is no fit subject for your ears; how a man let's business affairs plague him, when he can so forget the presence of his wife. But come in, we will take a cup of coffee together."

He drew her hand within his arm, and they passed into the breakfast-room, where a handsomely-laid table awaited them. Bouquets, arranged upon the mantel and sideboard, gave to the room the air and fragrance of a garden; and the meal itself was the very ideal of a breakfast, consisting of sandwiches, tea, coffee, and iced fruits. When they sat down to the table Mr. and Mrs. Vertner were too well bred to allude to that which was troubling both their minds. Conversation flowed as freely and pleasantly as though nothing had disturbed their domestic or household arrangements. No surprise was even traced in the yellow face of Daniel, as he moved around the table. Everything went on as usual.

When Madge came in, she did not ask questions or betray anxiety on the subject of the fugitives, but ate her breakfast with apparent heartiness and gusto.

"Daniel," said she, at the conclusion of the cheerful meal, "tell Pomp to saddle my pony and bring him round."

"What, daughter are you for an early scamper?"

"Yes, papa, I am going to take my usual ride. I see your horse at the door; are you going out?"

"Yes, to the village."

"Well, suppose I accompany you?"

"I am sorry to decline your pleasant company, daughter; but I am going on business, and shall, perhaps, be detained for several hours."

"That will make no difference. I can ride into the village with you, and return alone. It is so long since we have had a sociable ride, I *must* go."

"Well, there is no resisting your *must*; but be very swift in getting ready, for I cannot lose many moments."

Madge fled from the room, and soon returned, looking beautiful, in her dark-green habit, black hat and ostrich feathers.

Mrs. Vertner watched her daughter and husband as they mounted their horses and galloped swiftly down the avenue, in the direction of L——.

"Poor Madge! how wild and thoughtless, to be sure," she signed, as, turning from the verandah, she entered the parlor, and seated herself at the window, where she was soon lost in the perusal of the second volume of "Never too late to mend."

THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

And Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound
There was not like his that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I k[new] well
That Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And things looked half-dead, though it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climbed to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopt; there past by the gate of the farm,
Willy—he didn't see me—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and looked the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, "Let us part; in a hundred years it 'll all be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turned, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine;
"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand; we two shall be happy still."

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turned and claspt me in his arms, and answered, "No, love, no";
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain;
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheered me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way;
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seemed so near.

But I wished it had been God's will that I, too then could have died;
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve,
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure, the preacher says our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has gone but for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

Once a-Week.

MR. MAY'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

Andeer, June 11, 1859.

My Dear Friends: I am very sorry that I did not finish my letters from Nuremberg and Munich, for I was exceedingly interested in both these cities, and saw many things of which I wished to give you full accounts. But I was too much fatigued at night to write all I intended to do about what I had seen during the day. And so my letters lie unfinished in my portfolio. And there, I fear, they must remain, for we are now in the *Alps*, and I can think and write about nothing else. The beautiful and grand works of human artists must give place to those of the Divine Architect and Painter.

We have just come through the *Via Mala*, and are stopping to dine at the little village of Andeer, which, like many others we have seen to-day, is nestled in the bosom of the Alps. I know not how much more beautiful, grand, sublime, awful sights we are to behold in Switzerland: but we have seen to-day enough to repay me for the trouble and expense of my circuitous tour to this spot.

Via Mala, as many of you know, means *bad way*, or difficult, or dreadful, pass. It is a deep, narrow gorge or defile between the mountains, through which the river forces its passage. Not all the beauty and grandeur at Trenton and Niagara Falls, which I have so often seen prepared me for any disappointment to-day. Much as my expectations were raised, they have been more than satisfied by what I have seen.

We left Munich yesterday morning at 5 o'clock; came by railroad to Lindau on Lake Constance. There, after waiting two hours, we took a steamboat, which brought us to Rorschach in Switzerland. From that place we came on an excellent railroad, in most comfortable and neat second class cars, about forty miles to Chur, where we spent the night.

This morning we started, at 6 o'clock, in a good carriage, with fine horses and a skillful driver, for a visit to the Via Mala. For the first six or eight miles our road lay through a fertile, highly cultivated valley, ranging from [illegible] three miles in width, between two ranges of very [illegible] mountains, some of their peaks tipped with snow. It had rained during the night, and the clouds still lingered in the sky. Some of them rested awhile below the summits of the mountains, seeming to divide them. Then again they hovered on their tops, conforming nearly to their shapes and looking like "Pelion upon Ossa piled." At no time was it cloudy enough to obscure much of the scenery, but rather added to its picturesqueness and sublimity. All the while the river Rhine was running rapidly below us; and we saw many of its smaller and larger tributaries, as they leapt down the mountain sides on either hand, and numerous traces left by other streams that had brought down melted snows and, with them often masses of earth and stones. We crossed the river several times, and at one bridge witnessed the meeting of the two great branches, the Hinter and the Vorder Rhine.

We passed through villages every three or four miles, and saw others off on either side, nestled at the foot or perched on the sides of mountains. In every village the spires of one or two churches were conspicuous, telling us that in some the inhabitants were Roman Catholics, in others Lutherans, or Protestants of some other name; and in other villages still that they were partly Roman Catholics and partly Protestants; all forms of Christian faith being equally tolerated and protected in Switzerland.

Along on the right bank of the Rhine, our eyes were repeatedly arrested by the ruins of old castles, standing on the tops of very abrupt hills 100 or 150 feet high, rising from the valley at the foot of the range of mountains. There were six of these isolated strongholds of the Swiss Barons, or petty despots of other names, who, of old, held the people of this valley in subjection. One of the castles, the guide book tells us, must be more than 2,000 years old.

After six or eight miles from Chur, the mountain ranges draw nearer together, and their summits rise higher and higher. One looked like a gigantic pile of snow glistening in the sun, whiter than any other whiteness.

At Thusis—ten miles from Chur—we changed horses, and pressed on, eager to see the worst of the so-called Evil Way (Via Mala). A mile further brought us to the entrance of the gorge. Here our road was 200 feet above the river, and the mountains rose 800 or 1,000 feet above us. Our road was upon a bridge, much of it artificially made along the face of the almost perpendicular mountain on the left bank of the river. It led us into a narrower and narrower passage, until it seemed as if the summit of the opposite range hung over our heads. There was barely room for our way, and surely not for the Rhine, yet we heard it, far below us, dashing through. We alighted several times from our carriage, and looked now over the strong wall that fences the road, and then over the parapets of the bridges that cross the river. In some places the water was wholly out of sight, and at others could be barely seen, squeezing along be-

of rock, which appeared to our sight

But the space might have been twice

How high we were above the water

I tell you that at one point where

[illegible] could be seen, our driver dropped several heavy stones, and we marked five seconds before they struck the water. At the narrowest places, I judged the faces of the mountains to be not more than 300 feet apart, and they came together at their bases, excepting the passage of 6, 12 or 20 feet through which the Hinter branch of the Rhine (there twice as large a body of water as our Onondaga Creek) forces its way. How deep is its channel no one can ascertain, for the stream rushes on with a fury that would defy all attempts to sound it.

The Via Mala, properly, speaking is about three miles in length, though the most fearful portion of it is but a third of that distance. Here the height of the mountains must be fifteen hundred feet above the stream, and the space between the ranges four or five hundred feet.

On emerging from this crooked and narrow way, we came where the valley widened again, and presented to our view cultivated fields, compact but rather dull-looking villages and hamlets, and cottages perched upon every available spot on the sides of the mountains, even to their tops.

8 P. M.—We had an excellent dinner at Andeer, and returned over the same road to Chur, where we now are in a very neat and commodious hotel. Our room overlooks the village, through which a rapid stream of water runs, making rather more noise than is perfectly agreeable.

But I must say a word more about our return from the Via Mala. We were glad to take another survey of its grandeur and its numerous beauties. It was delightful to see how the spirit of vegetation desired to climb the dizziest heights, and sport itself upon the small ledges, and deposit some of its choicest little productions in the crevices of perpendicular rocks; and wherever the inclination of the mountain sides would hold them, it had planted shrubs and trees. We could easily descry where it had covered completely with its verdure old avalanches of stone and earth; changing the fearful-looking debris of the mountain storm into graceful slopes of green. Even in the darkest parts of the dreadful gorge, something green had made its appearance, and beautiful flowers were clambering bravely down the precipice which I could not look over without dread. On the whole we came away feeling that the Via Mala was the bad way only to the river that had to force itself through the narrow passage, between jagged rocks, where it was torn and chafed into an angry foam. To us travellers it seemed a way full of grandeur, sublimity and beauty. Miss L. H., one of the two accomplished ladies who have so much enriched and gladdened our party since we met them in Venice, repeated some lines by W. E. Channing, which were so appropriate that I send them along with my faint sketch of Via Mala. His theme was, I suppose, the Life Spirit:

[illegible] rough stones I gladden, too;
[illegible] seeds I drop along their sides:
[illegible] the spring plant with freshening dew,
Till there, where all was waste, true joy abides.

The Via Mala leads on to the Splugen Pass, into Italy, by Lake Como. Our landlord at Chur informed us that the Austrians had withdrawn from Milan—so that travellers might go there without danger. At first our party—the ladies particularly—were eager to press forward, [illegible] willing as we all are to return to our country without having seen the stupendous Cathedral at Milan, and some fine pictures that are there. But a little consideration satisfied us all that it would not be prudent to go into the very theatre of a war so furious and bloody as this has already become. The accounts which have come to us of the last terrible conflict are so contradictory that we do not know which, on the whole, if either, has gained the costly victory—the Austrians or the French and Sardinians.

Zurich, June 14.—Day before yesterday we left Chur at 9 a. m. and came about 15 miles to Ragartz, where we staid until yesterday morning at 8. Ragartz is entitled to a high place in the list of beautiful spots upon the earth's surface. But many persons are attracted thither every year, not only by its picturesque scenery, but by the famous baths of Pfeffers, which are there. We visited them as one of the wonders of Switzerland.

A short distance from the hotel, we entered a narrow gorge, between two lofty mountains, which seemed to have been reluctantly separated, just far enough to let a rapid stream of water rush on to join the Rhine. A road, wide enough for one carriage, had been built along the face of the rocky precipice that walls the river on the left side. Up this road we travelled a mile or two by a gentle ascent, so slowly that we could dwell awhile upon every feature of the scene. I can give you no better idea of it than to say it is what Trenton River, two miles below the High Fall, would be if the rocky walls between which it passes were as high again as they are.

The carriage road ends at the Bath House, which is a large building, capable of accommodating 150 patients. We passed through it, descended thirty five steps, and there entered upon a narrow wooden gallery, built along the face of one of the rocky walls that confine the rushing, boiling stream to a still narrower bed. Here, the mountains were separated at [illegible] sufficient between them to admit the light, and in some places they actually touch at the top. We walked along this wooden gallery, single file, for more than a quarter of a mile, when we came to the wonder of the place. It was a perpetual and very copious spring of steaming water, not boiling, but warmer than blood heat, smelling, as one of our lady companions said, like hot flat irons. It has long been famous for its medicinal virtues, and flows in quantity sufficient to supply not only the Pfeffers Bath House, but a large bathing establishment in the hotel at Ragartz.

This remarkable hot spring was discovered, it is said, more than six hundred years ago, by a hunter, whose curiosity was attracted by the steam which he saw issuing from the cleft of the mountain, three hundred feet above where the heated water was pouring forth from the bosom of the mountain. He caused himself to be lowered down into the horrid abyss, until he found the object of his search. His report induced other adventurous spirits to venture down likewise. The healing qualities of the water were at length discovered; and in the course of time the dismal cavern became a place to which many sick persons resorted, and there bathed in the waters heated by fires in the bowels of the earth. Since 1400, the baths of Pfeffers have been famous for their curative virtues, as well as for the very remarkable place in which their waters are found.

We left Ragartz yesterday morning at 8, and came by rail, in an hour, to a little village at the head of Wallensee. There we took a nice little steamer and came twelve miles to the town of Weesen, at the foot of the Lake, where we took rail car again and came twenty miles to Rapperswyl, at the head of the Lake of Zurich. Wallensee reminded me of the upper part of our own Skaneateles; only the mountains were more abrupt and their sides less verdant.

At Rapperswyl we came on board the steamboat Linth Escher, which brought us, in two hours and a half, to this very pleasing city of Zurich. The boat is named for a Mr. Escher, who, in 1807, devised a plan for draining the low land between the Wallen and the Zurich Lakes—called the Linth—and converting a wet, unhealthy marsh into a habitable and most productive country.

Lake Zurich is a most beautiful sheet of water, not unlike our Seneca Lake. There are more villages upon its shores, and occasionally the higher Alps, covered with perpetual snows, are seen between and over the mountains that border this inland sea. The sides of these lake shore mountains are nowhere precipitous, and are cultivated to their summits. Those on the right shore of the lake are for the most part given up to the culture of the grape; while on the left shore we descried orchards of apple trees, and fields of wheat, Indian corn and potatoes.

Hoping that in due time I shall taste again some of the productions of our own Onondaga,

I remain truly yours, Samuel J. May.

Horgen, June 15, 1859.

My Dear Friends: Ever since the year 1820, the name of Zurich has sent a thrill through my heart. In that year a particular friend of my youth lost his life in this lake. He was a young man of an excellent spirit, full of hope and high aspiration. But he was afflicted with an infirmity of sight, that obliged him, at the age of 19, to relinquish his plan of study, and devote himself to the pursuit of health. He came to Europe, hoping that he should, by travel, enrich his mind at the same time that he was invigorating his body. He came to Zurich; and was sailing upon this beautiful lake, when a squall suddenly struck and overset the boat. He was unable to swim and was drowned.

The first thing I did, after my arrival at Zurich, day before yesterday, was to go to the Cemetery, and search for the grave of my friend. But without success. Yesterday morning I found an intelligent valet de place. He took me to the Rath Haus, or City Hall, where, in one of the offices, we found a gentleman who well remembered the sad event. From him I learnt that the disaster happened about five miles above the lake, near the village of Kusnacht, and that my friend's body was deposited there.

Yesterday afternoon we took a carriage, and rode out to the place. There, on the wall of the village church, we found a black marble monument, upon which was the following inscription in gilt letters, still bright, though it is thirty-nine years since they were made:

"Here rests F. W. Goddard, from Boston, in America, a youth of 19 years, who, far from his home, in a storm on Lake Zurich, struggling with the waves, found his death. He died at Goldbach, near Kusnacht, on the 22d of August, 1820."

There was a sad pleasure in standing upon the spot where the person of my early friend disappeared from this world, and seeing that the good people of the place had done all they could do to evince their pity for the young stranger, and their sympathy for his distant relatives. They buried him in a conspicuous place; next to the one in which, two or three years afterwards, they deposited the remains of their beloved and excellent pastor, if the epitaph upon his monument tells truly the regard in which he was held.

The poet Wordsworth was in Zurich at the time of the catastrophe. He had learned somewhat of the character of my young friend, as well as the circumstances of his untimely death; and you may find, in the collection of Wordsworth's Poems, some appropriate and touching "lines upon a young American, Mr. F. W. Goddard, who was drowned in the Lake of Zurich."

But Zurich is a place that has, and will ever have, an attraction for all the lovers of civil and religious freedom. It is the place where Ulric Zwingle lived, labored and died. There are few greater names in ecclesiastical history than his. He belongs to the grand galaxy of Protestant luminaries, in which Wickliffe, Zwingle, Huss, Luther and Calvin were the stars of greatest magnitude. But Zwingle was more liberal and tolerant than either of the other above-named Reformers. It is true that he lost his life in a battle between the Protestants and Roman Catholics; but it should be remembered that he did all in his power to avert that conflict. He earnestly and publicly reproved the vehemence of those whose doctrinal opinions he maintained and inculcated. And at last he went into the war, as the religious friend and adviser of those whom he could not restrain from fighting. He went, moreover, at the express command of the magistrates of the city and canton, whose authority he felt bound to respect.

I went into the large cathedral church, in which he preached. It is furnished with seats for hearers from bottom to top, like the Protestant churches in Dresden, that I spoke of in a former letter. Everywhere throughout Saxony, Bohemia and Bavaria, and thus far in Switzerland, wherever the influence of the Protestant Reformation has been felt, there, it is evident from the structure of the churches, the people have expected *instruction* from the pulpit. If Zwingle could make himself heard by hearers in all the seats in the grand church where he held forth, he must have been furnished with stentorian lungs.

Zurich is a beautiful place, evidently busy and thriving, the centre of a considerable trade in silk, woolen and cotton fabrics. We saw the factories of these goods, as we came down the lake, along the shores on either side.

We arrived there on Monday, the 13th, and found the city full of well-dressed people—many of the women in the costume peculiar to that canton. We soon learnt that it was a Festival—the Day of Pentecost—a day given up by the Lutherans, as well as the Catholics, to religious thanksgiving and social amusements. The lake was alive with boats. I counted at one time fifty-two.

About the centre of the city, in a low but conspicuous position, directly upon the edge of the lake, stands an old, church-like building. It is the public Library. It contains about 50,000 volumes, some of them of rare works, and many valuable manuscripts and autographs. In a long series of *British* Classics, published at Leipsic, there stood our own Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*.

I saw in that library portraits of Zwingle, Wickliffe, Luther and his wife, of Lady Jane Grey, and other distinguished personages; also busts of Lavater, Pestalozzi and others; and a model in relief of a large part of Switzerland. There, too, I saw Zwingle's Greek Bible, with marginal notes by his own hand; several volumes of autograph letters of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon and other distinguished Reformers, and three letters in Latin, beautifully written, by Lady Jane Grey.

We left Zurich this morning, and came up the lake a few miles to Horgen. This is a beautiful village, as neat as any Swiss village you ever saw in a picture, or taken out of a box. Miss E. H. and I took a walk about the place, going into several gardens that were not shut in from the streets by any fences. The number and variety of flowers were great, and gave evidence of very skillful culture and tasteful training. Vines in this country—especially the woodbine and ivy—seem to conform very readily to the wishes of their cultivators, and climb everywhere and in every shape that is intimated to them. The Swiss and Germans vie with the Italians in their love of flowers and success in raising them. Their gardens are more exposed, often in the country towns having no fences about them, any more than the wheat-fields and vineyards. Indeed, throughout Italy, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Bavaria, and thus far in Switzerland, the grain fields and orchards, with few exceptions, seem to have no other protection from the depredations of animals than the carefulness of their owners. But the cows, horses, sheep, goats, pigs, and even geese, when not confined to yards or barns, are always watched by men, women or children. I have been continually struck with their docility and excellent training. Little boys and girls often are left alone to take care of them. And they are frequently seen following their guardians, obedient to their call. Then I am happy to add that I have scarcely ever seen an animal that looked abused or neglected since we left Italy. There, we frequently saw blind, and lame, and lean horses; and the donkeys looked as if they were battered and bruised, half starved, and never cleaned. But since we came into Austria, especially into Bavaria and Switzerland, all the horses we have met looked fat and sleek; and though we have often seen cows yoked or harnessed, and ploughing or dragging, as in Italy, they have always appeared to be in good condition.

[illegible]—In Horgen we saw a nice large stone [illegible]

dren, and there, and in several other villages afterwards, met boys and girls on their way to school, with books and slates, which made us feel quite at home.

So soon as our conductors, J. E. and Mr. H. had succeeded in getting us a carriage and horses, we started again, and in two hours reached Baar, where our driver stopped to feed his horses, to whom he gave each a loaf of bread. This we saw done for the first time at Zurich; and to-day have been told that it is a common practice in this part of the country. While our animals were feeding, we explored the village. We went into the churchyard. It was filled with graves. At the head of each stood a larger or smaller stone, or wooden or bronze crucifix, many of them highly ornamented and gilted, so that the whole yard sparkled in the sunshine. But the most curious thing we saw was the *Bone House*. It was a rough stone building, about 50 feet long, and 25 wide, fitted up with an altar and other conveniences for the Roman Catholic burial services. At the end, opposite to the altar, was a gallery across the chapel; and on the front of the gallery were shelves about 10 inches apart, divided into a hundred compartments, each 10 inches wide. In nearly every one of these cells there was exposed to view a human skull, with the name of the former owner inscribed upon it. This, I am told, is not an uncommon sight in Switzerland and Germany.

A ride of two hours further brought us to this place, the town of Arth. Here we shall take horses, and climb hence to the summit of Mount Righi.

Yours, truly, Samuel J. May.

DANIEL GRAY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well: in fact, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
And was not called upon among the gifted,
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday rhymes;
And I suppose that, in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, and face, and motions,
His homespun habit and his silver hair—
And hear the language of his trite devotions
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen-chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
"Help us, O Lord, to pray, and not to faint!"
And how the "conquering-and-to-conquer" rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him:
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He could see nought but vanity in beauty,
And nought but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that, when his Charley died,
Nor Nature's need nor gentle words could win him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew drops sprinkled in his hair,
And on his breast a rose-bud gathered early—
And guessed, but did not know, who placed it there.

My good old friend was very hard on fashion,
And held its votaries in lofty scorn,
And often burst into a holy passion
While the gay crowds went by on Sunday morn.

Yet he was vain, Old Gray, and did not know it!
He wore his hair unparted, long and plain,
To hide the handsome brow that slept below it,
For fear the world would think that he was vain!

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

Yet that sweet tale of gift without repentance,
Told of the Master, touched him to the core,
And tearless he could never read the sentence:
"Neither do I condemn thee: sin no more."

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man and yet a dreamer,
He thought that, in some strange, unlooked-for way,
His mighty Friend in heaven, the great Redeemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long gathered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

LIFE OF REV. JERMAIN W. LOGUE[N]. The Biography of Rev. Jermain W. Loguen is already writ[ten] by an able pen, and would be at once published but for the pecunia[ry] responsibilities incident to its publication.

The undersigned therefore issue this circular to the frien[ds of Mr.] Loguen and of the Underground Railroad, of which he has [illegible] still is, a faithful superintendent, to donate or subscribe f[or its] publication. The amount of money to be raised to ensure its publication is $1,500—a sum quite too large for Mr. Loguen to assume consistently with his duties to the fugitive and to his family. [We] therefore invite the friends of Mr. Loguen and of the slave, [by] way of donation or subscription, to make up the sum of one thou[sand] dollars.

When $1,000 is thus subscribed, the book will be immediately published, and the subscribers will receive the amount of the [subscrip]tions in books if they wish. All over that sum Mr. Loguen will him[self] assume.

There are few men whose history is so marked with stirring incidents, instructive lessons, and encouraging examples, as Loguen's. It contains the peculiarities of Mr. Loguen's childhood, his daring escape from bondage, the perils and hardships he endured in his passage to freedom, and the acts of subsequent manhood which have honorably connected his name with the moral and political causes for the last 20 years, which, to a large extent, ha[ve] made the subject of African Freedom the living topic of private [and] public circles, of the press, the pulpit and the State and Natio[nal] Legislatures.

The Book will be about the size of the Life of Frederick Dougl[ass], in one volume, illustrated by a Steel Plate likeness of Mr. Logu[en], and will be delivered to subscribers at the price of One Dollar. S[ub]scriptions paid on delivery.

Hon. A. P. GRANGER, IRA. H. COBB, ANSON G. CHESTER, MOSES SUMMERS, WM. E. ABBOTT, H. PUTNAM, ABNER BATES, C. PRINDLE, J. B. FOOTE.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can [be] accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, [by] applying to the subscriber, No. 832 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STIL[L].

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber info[rms] the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortm[ent] of new and second-hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to l[et]. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on [com]mission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelph[ia].

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dea[lers] in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Sp[ring] Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a gen[eral] assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowst cash pr[ices], wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing H[ard]ware for buildings. JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bull[ock] respectfully informs her friends and the public that she [has] removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite th[e old] stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water [Ices], Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the [best] materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to [give] entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at sho[rt] notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for superiority over all others in the manufacture of Trave[lling] Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Ho[rses] and sole leather, steel spring, iron fame, iron-bound Trunks o[f all] descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Lea[ther] Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices. THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer, 130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelph[ia].

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFE[S], various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth st[reet], Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United St[ates]. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully sol[icit a] continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purch[asing] elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. [A] large assortment always on hand.

N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank [and] Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lockpicks, [illegible] included.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth st[reet] (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Statio[ners], Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual p[rices]. English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, [Enve]lopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy W[af]ers of every description, superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, [Wafer] Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing P[aper] and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, [Tissue] Paper. Visiting and Wedding Cards, Pocket Books, Portf[olios], Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c., Envelopes at 10 cents per 100 a[nd] cents per 1000, *Mercantile Firms, Insurance Co., Banks*, &c., furn[ished] with Blank Books, to order of the best materials and wo[rk]man[ship]. CLOTHIER & PEDRICK, 72 N. Fourth street, below Arch stre[et].

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPP[ORT] SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free [labor] goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry st[reets] in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid th[e use] of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rej[ection] of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony ag[ainst] slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal t[o pay] militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. W[ill not] those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain [their] convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like m[anner] against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend [in this] city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Mo[lasses], Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a v[ariety] of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to [main]tain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be [some]what reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as a[ny] goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who fav[or this] Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, [Cho]colate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from [adul]teration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality. GEORGE W. TAYL[OR].

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Bu[siness]. Every one his own Salesman.

JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing [Store], No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to havi[ng the] largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philad[elphia], made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one h[is own] salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, th[e very] lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly va[ry—all] *must* buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepare[d, and] great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy wi[th full] assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price. [illegible] above 6th, No. 200, [illegible]